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SIXPENCE.



THE FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY: VETERANS OF THE GRAND ARMY PICKING UP FLOWERS AS A REMEMBRANCE.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NORMAN WILKINSON.

A peculiarly touching sight was that of the veterans of the Grand Army picking up as a memento of their dead chief the flowers with which the ground was strewn.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

There is a hierarchy of periodical literature which may be divided into seven stations, like the life of man in the famous speech of Jaques: "All the world's a stage." There is the halfpenny paper, that is supposed to be always irrepressibly and irresponsibly young and audacious; there is the penny daily, which arches an eyebrow now and then at the excesses of its youthful contemporary; there is the three-penny daily, oracular and mature. I can recall the time when people who took in the threepenny daily thought the penny rather vulgar. There is the weekly paper, which, whatever its price, must regard daily journalism as hasty and superficial. There is the monthly chronicle, which frequently preaches against the deplorable license of the Press. The quarterly review looks down on the monthly, and when some original genius shall bring out a periodical once a year, it will rebuke the flippancy of the quarterly. You must bear in mind this division of dignities in order to appreciate a terrific lecture in *Blackwood's* upon the enormities of all daily papers. The monthly gentleman "goes baldheaded," as the expressive American idiom has it, for the journalist whose business it is to tickle us of a morning. What has he done? "The law, as we have said, might check the falsehood and hysteria of the Press, as it might, if it chose, abolish it utterly." There is a slight derangement of "it" in this passage; but that is the majestic monthly habit. The law might abolish hysteria and falsehood. But will it? Oh, dear no! "Politicians have so loyally supported the freedom of journalists to misguide that one suspects an unconscious blackmail." Hysteria and falsehood have nobbled the Legislature; and the incorruptible monthly nurse protests in vain.

You rub your eyes, and ask plaintively, "What on earth is all this about?" It is simply that the monthly gentleman is in a most virtuous passion, and accuses the daily gentleman of causing political assassination. It is done by hysteria, and "to provoke hysteria is the avowed object of our modern journals." The daily gentleman bethinks him of what is most likely to startle your nerves at breakfast-time; and when you have had a long course of this treatment, you may take a pistol some fine morning, and shoot some distinguished personage. In short, you run the risk of being turned into an Anarchist by the constant study of "sensations" in the daily papers. For instance, you read that the sea-serpent was coiled upon a gentle wave taking a siesta, when a gallant crew stole upon its innocent slumbers, and the mate was just about to give it a good hard knock with a boat-hook, when it reared an indignant head, opened cavernous jaws, and disappeared. You are chagrined. Why did not the monster swallow the boat-hook and the boat, and pensively quote Mr. Gilbert's ballad of the ancient mariner, who explained how he had eaten the crew of the captain's gig? Your evil passions are aroused; your mind runs upon cannibalism and the French Revolution; and by these insidious stages you become, as I have said, an Anarchist, and go forth to slay unoffending public men.

Of course I am annoyed because the monthly homilist has spoken out of his turn. He ought to have waited until the weekly journalist had considered the tragic case of the daily newspaper reader, whose nerves are prompted to crime. I ought to wait, perhaps, until the quarterly reviewer has given the monthly gentleman a piece of his mind. Thus the whole hierarchy is deranged. Worse still, the monthly gentleman has made it impossible for any other virtuous person to scream in a higher key. "Some fool invented the phrase, 'the fourth estate,' and other fools have believed that the Press is a decent and definite power." Who can be more scathing than that? "Nay, an thou'lt mouth, I'll rant as well as thou." But I shrink abashed from the competition. Perhaps you have fondly imagined that the public has some common-sense, that it is decent and definite. Not at all. "The public wants a thousand things which the law properly withholds, and the journalist who shelters his sins behind the popular demand confesses himself the enemy of his country." But if the law properly withholds what your debased nerves desire, how is the popular demand illegally gratified by the enemy of his country sheltering behind it? I cannot tell, for the monthly gentleman is not specific. A noble rage possesses him, and that is all he knows. I beg his pardon—not quite all. There is to be "a national reaction"; "the popular Press will disappear from our midst," and we shall sober our nerves with *Blackwood's*, price half-a-crown. Then the quarterly gentleman will discover that his monthly rival is hysterical and far from accurate; and we shall be reduced to a frugal diet of a learned tome four times a year, price six shillings.

I apologise to the sea-serpent for introducing him into this professional wrangle. Hitherto we have treated him with scant respect. His apparitions have provided jaded scribes with mechanical jeers. When he is caught asleep, a contumelious sailor threatens him with a boat-hook. A

boat-hook for a serpent fifty feet long, with a majestic head! As well assault an elephant with a feather. No wonder the serpent went below, and refused to come up to receive a belated compliment from a Nordenfolt gun. If we send an ironclad to conquer him, he may consent to be shot and stuffed for the confusion of the people who have questioned his existence. Why it should ever have been taken for granted that the sea-serpent was a myth I cannot understand. Possibly the idea that there are monsters inhabiting the deep in blank indifference to the existence of the beings that skim the surface with their inventions annoyed the stupendous vanity of man. I believe that the authentic appearance of the sea-serpent is recorded and attested in the log of many a ship, and not divulged simply because the witnesses are tired of being laughed at.

I wonder whether historians will be puzzled by the character of Lord Kitchener, as interpreted by his contemporaries. It varies in the most surprising way. It used to be a brutal character that came out luridly in gossip about Omdurman. When it arrived in South Africa, its aspect was even more terrifying. Then it began to display a lamblike quality, and made you wonder whether Lord Kitchener would not rather wear a surplice than a uniform. Then from the folds of the surplice it suddenly thrust something resembling an iron hand, and away from the vision fled the lamb and the minor clergy. I should like to have Lord Kitchener's commentary on his various guises in the popular prints; but it might take the form of irony, and irony is so easily misunderstood. The Commander-in-Chief remarks in his letter to Mr. Schalk Burger that Mr. B.'s version of Boer motives at the beginning of the war "may be" accurate, and, on the other hand, that there "may be" something in the very explicit declaration of a member of the Volksraad that the Boers meant to have all South Africa. I should have thought that the irony of Lord Kitchener's "may be" was sufficiently pointed; but a pale-green evening paper tells me that he is clearly undecided as to the merits of the quarrel.

Irony, as Disraeli said of invective, is a great ornament of debate; but ought it to be employed by military men? Ought it not to be reserved for the exclusive use of literary persons? "One suspects," as the monthly moralist would say, that such is the meaning of the pale-green evening paper. When Lord Kitchener finds that he is supposed to have admitted the responsibility for the war to be an open question, but of no consequence now, he may take the hint, and express himself in future with what we are accustomed to call soldierly directness. Irony, you perceive, is the perquisite of the journalist, and he cannot allow any military poaching. Lord Kitchener may say that as the character of tactics in war has changed, and that as the business of the fighting-man is to creep into a donga and jump out upon the foe when he is least expected, soldierly directness in correspondence must be supplanted by sarcastic innuendo. This would make a very pretty thesis; but in order not to derange the nerves of pale-green evening papers, the Commander-in-Chief had better reserve it until the war is over.

A picture in a French paper stirs in me one of the most harrowing memories of a chequered career. Have you ever crossed from Havre to Trouville on a rough day? For concentrated ghastliness this excursion has no rival. I remember the cockleshell that carried my sinking heart. It was after an awful night-passage from Southampton to Havre. I had gone ashore and breakfasted, and was feeling, like Agag, that the bitterness was passed, when I discovered that the way to Trouville was across the bar of the Seine, the moaning and the gnashing bar, that waited for me with visible glee! The boat, I say, was a cockleshell, a wretched little tug that plunged so horribly for nearly an hour that, on landing at Trouville, I took to my bed, a gasping wreck. Now, in *L'Illustration* picture, what do I behold? That atrocious craft again, or its twin, the tug from which the French Senators and Deputies at Dunkirk witnessed the naval review! The artist has drawn the scene with appalling spirit. The deck is strewn with legislators in evening dress and tall hats, and in every attitude of misery. With a broad official ribbon across his shirt-front, and his hat tilted on his nose, a Senator is writhing in anguish.

Pictures from Dante's "Inferno" have never moved me: they are unreal; but this awful tableau in our contemporary is an agonising fact. And beneath it the sardonic editor has put a quotation from President Loubet, to the effect that everybody who saw the naval review must cherish the most comforting recollections! That Senator with the broad ribbon is not likely to forget what he suffered for his country. I hope it will be recorded in the archives of his family that he never parted from his hat. Every man in the picture is doggedly wearing his hat. Dignity and etiquette were unconquered by physical distress, and you hear them crying triumphantly: "The Guard dies, but never surrenders—its hat!"

THE PLAYHOUSES.

MISS ADA REEVE AS SAN TOY.

A fresh visit to Daly's Theatre will serve to convince you that that most successful of current musical plays, "San Toy," owes much more to the pretty music of Mr. Sidney Jones and to the combined efforts of some admirable comedians than to the scant originality which Mr. Edward Morton displays in the invention of plot and fun. The weighty and imperturbable gravity of Mr. Rutland Barrington, the alert and nervous whimsicality of Mr. Huntley Wright, the jerky manner and bantam-like strut of Mr. Fred Kaye, and the stiff self-consciousness and stereotyped gestures of Mr. Hayden Coffin are all in their fashion so richly diverting that you soon pardon the exiguous and familiar character of the author's humours, and the dismal collapse of his story in the second act. Just at present, too, the appearance of Miss Ada Reeve in the title-rôle of the play enables you to see how successfully another delightful comedian acquits herself in the arduous task of making bricks without straw. Not only does this charming little actress render her music much more readily than might be expected, she makes the daintiest and the prettiest picture of the mandarin's boy-girl, and her dancing eyes, her roguish smile, her impulsive movements, and her infectious high spirits all combine to render her San Toy a welcome surprise to those who may have imagined that this young lady's talent consisted merely in the pointed singing of a meaningless or of a double-meaning song.

"BETWEEN THE DANCES," AT THE AVENUE.

An agreeable one-act play, acceptably brief, somewhat ultra-sentimental in scheme, but amusingly serio-comic in its love-scenes, was produced on Tuesday last at the Avenue Theatre; and when it is added that Mr. H. T. Johnson's first piece is entitled "Between the Dances," and that it is mainly devoted to the adventures of an escaped convict who intrudes on a fancy ball and is mistaken for a masquerader, its story has been sufficiently explained. The gentleman convict, rather cleverly played by Mr. Charles Garth, wins the sympathetic interest of a pretty girl, and is enabled to baffle his pursuers by the aid of an officer who was once his schoolfellow. Altogether, thanks to the pretty faces of Miss Maude Abbott and Miss Ida Morris, as two girl sentimentalists, thanks to the mingled excitement and love-making of the action, thanks, finally, to the lawless instinct which is in all of us, and is successfully appealed to, Mr. Johnson's little sketch should prove a sufficiently attractive introduction to Mr. Weedon Grossmith's popular farce, "The Night of the Party," now nearing its two hundredth performance, and to the actor-author's amusing impersonation of its impudent masquerading valet-hero.

THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON IRISH UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

The Royal Commission on University Education in Ireland, which has just concluded a session of ten days, held in Dublin for the purpose of taking evidence, was appointed by royal warrant dated July 1901. The Commission sat in the Royal University, Earlsfort Terrace, Dublin. The terms of reference to the Commission are as follows: "To inquire into the condition of higher general and technical education available in Ireland outside Trinity College, Dublin, and to report as to what reforms, if any, are desirable in order to render that education adequate to the needs of the Irish people." During the ten days occupied by the sittings of the Commission in Dublin, the following witnesses, among others, were examined: Members of the Senate and the Secretaries of the Royal University of Ireland, the Roman Catholic Bishops of Limerick and Elphin, the Presidents of the three Queen's Colleges—Belfast, Cork, and Galway—of University College, Dublin, and of Magee College, Londonderry, and some representative witnesses interested in the higher education of women in Ireland. The Commission will hold further sittings at a later date, when the evidence will be taken of many important witnesses who for various reasons were unable to come forward during the first session.

RECENT SPORTING EVENTS.

The South of Ireland Golf Championship meeting was held at Lahinch, County Clare, on Sept. 10, 12, and 13. The first day opened with a stroke competition for members of any recognised club, and an open competition for ladies. Mr. J. M. Williamson (Musselburgh) won the scratch prize in the gentlemen's competition with a score of '84; and the Hon. K. Prittie (Lahinch) the ladies' open handicap with 92 less 8. In the qualifying round against "Bogey" for the Matterson Cup, Mr. M. S. Browning finished one up on "Bogey." The championship concluded on the 13th, when Mr. W. Dod won the match with two holes up and one to play. The autumn meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club took place at St. Andrews on Sept. 25, and, as usual, the eighteen holes stroke competition for the medal given in 1837 by King William IV. was played. The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour was among the competitors, and had as his partner the Hon. Evan Charteris. Mr. Robert Maxwell won the medal with a score of 79. The Aston Villa and Everton Football Clubs played a drawn match on the Villa Ground on Sept. 28, before a crowd of fully 22,000 people. At half-time neither team had scored, but later Abbot scored for Aston Villa. Everton had a hard task to draw level with their opponents, but did so just before the finish, Bache kicking a goal. The annual sports of the Royal Artillery passed off most successfully at Woolwich on Sept. 26. Beginning at half-past ten in the morning, event followed event until six o'clock. Sergeant Reason finished first in the quarter-mile in the excellent time of 56.15 sec. The obstacle race caused much amusement. Our photograph of the English athletes who were beaten by the American team a few days ago was taken while they were training in America.

BATTLE ABBEY.

With the death of the Duchess of Cleveland, the future of Battle Abbey, long her home, became the subject of discussion. Rumour busily bought and sold it in advance, now to an American, now to a millionaire made at home. Whoever buys, Battle Abbey must always remain essentially a possession of the English nation. The ancient town takes its name from the battle of the Conquest, fought near Hastings in 1066. The Abbey itself occupies the site of Harold's camp, and on the very spot where his standard was taken the commemorative building was reared by the Conqueror. It was a sort of national shrine, for it held the sword of William, his coronation-robe, and the famous roll-call of his knights. Richly endowed, and giving its Abbot a seat in Parliament, it could not, however, withstand the tide of events at the Dissolution, and it then passed to Sir Anthony Browne and to his descendants, the Lords Montacute. It was sold at the beginning of the nineteenth century to Sir Thomas Webster.

SONGS OF SPORT.

At the mention of sporting songs, nine out of every ten readers probably will think of John Peel. No sportsman is better known than he; and the stirring notes of the song which John Graves wrote about him have spread from the Cumberland dales, where first they were heard, to the ends of the earth. Who does not "ken John Peel, wi' his coat so gay and his heart so true"? He stands for the strong, simple, manly, not too clever sportsman, the type which, after all, is our special tradition; and Englishmen everywhere pay him their tribute in song.

One thing is clear about these verses: they could not have been written save by an ardent follower to hounds. One can imagine a man very successful in writing a great deal about a sport of which he knows little. It is not necessary to invite imagination's aid, for one sees the thing done every day. But not a song of the sport! The lyrical note of personal delight and excitement cannot be simulated. Many of the best-known hunting songs have served generations of sportsmen. The earliest sang the stag. In the quaint three-centuries-old "Blow thy Horn, Hunter," it is the doe that is "in yonder woode"; so it is "the noble beast" that is up in "A Hunting we will Go." The hare came later; the fox later still. Whyte-Melville, all-round man, wrote of fox-hunting in "The Galloping Squire," and also his famous song of the stag-hunt, with its refrain—

Then here's to him who leads the hunt
With tally-ho away!
And brow, bay, and tray, my lads,
Brow, bay, and tray.

The songs of a sport, with few exceptions, have never been intended for singing during the exercise of the sport itself. There is no breath to waste upon them then. We shall find probably that the sports which possess the most and the best songs are those which afford the best and the most frequent occasions for song—occasions of a social nature, of course. Curling seems to offer ideal conditions. "The Jolly Curlers" is a good song—

O for the channel-stane,
The fell gude game, the channel-stane.
There's ne'er a game that e'er I saw
Can match auld Scotland's channel-stane!

and the Caledonian Club *Annals* can show many more. Apparently golf does not lend itself to literature of this class—though we have seen attempts. Possibly experience teaches that the materials of the game are adverse. Bulger, cleek, niblick do not offer easy or euphonious rhymes. Until well into last century, shooting, not hunting, was the fashionable sport, but it was not perhaps the sport of the jovial crew. We do not remember, at any rate, any notable song about it. When the votaries of a sport met in bottle and song it was the success of some particular run or game, the prowess of some individual man or horse or hound, that they celebrated. This, as we have said, necessitated intimate knowledge on the part of the poet of the evening. A rattling chorus would go far. Probably it is because of their choruses that most of the well-known songs have been preserved. "Sing merrily wee, the Hunt is up!" or such-like would be adopted as a chorus by most amateurs. There is one refrain from the "Roxburghe Ballads" that has always held our fancy—

Sing Ballinamora oro, Ballinamora oro,
Ballinamora oro, the lads of Old Cleveland for me.

Of all sports the most copious of song is angling. The affinity between angling and literature has not been accounted for, but it is undoubted. The fisher's is an imaginative art. To quote from some very neat occasional verses which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* some years ago—

He took with high erected comb
The fish, or else the story, home
And cooked it!

And it may be thus that much angling literature is produced. Many of the best angling songs are to be found in "The Newcastle Fisher's Garland," a notable collection in more ways than one.

An urgent appeal from South Africa has been made to the Field Force Fund to undertake the work of sending Christmas gifts to the troops there, and the hon. secretary, Mrs. Sclater, writes from Cape Town that if the men are to receive them on Christmas Day, the collecting and packing must begin at once. It is proposed that each parcel should, if possible, contain the following articles: a pipe and tobacco, a pair of socks or a handkerchief, a small plum-pudding, a Christmas card, and a small housewife. These parcels need not be made up by the donors, but any of the above-named comforts will be gratefully received by Mrs. F. A. Currey, the Pit House, Ewell, Surrey, who has kindly undertaken to sort, pack, and forward them to South Africa. Plum-puddings must be packed in sealed tins to ensure their safe arrival. The object of the Field Force Fund is to supply these gifts to every soldier who is not already provided for regimentally.

All donations of money will be thankfully received and acknowledged by the following ladies: the Countess of Derby, Knowsley Hall, Prescott, Lancashire; the Countess of Airlie, Cortachy Castle, Kirriemuir, N.B.; the Countess of Bective, Lunefield, Kirkby Lonsdale, Westmorland; Lady Romilly, 49, Charles Street, Berkeley Square, S.W.; Lady Charles Bentinck, Elibank, Taplow, Maidenhead, who will also gladly give any further information that may be desired.

The New Palace Steamers successfully concluded their sailings between London and Southend, Margate, Ramsgate, Calais, Boulogne, and Ostend for this season on Monday last, and the *Marguerite*, *Royal Sovereign*, and *Koh-i-Noor* will now lie in Tilbury Dock to be thoroughly overhauled before commencing another season's sailings. During the past season the steamers have carried 326,950 passengers, being an excess over the previous year of 25,000.

The Brighton Railway Company are announcing that the "Brighton in sixty minutes" Pullman Limited Express will resume running every Sunday on and from Oct. 6, from Victoria 11 a.m., returning from Brighton 5 p.m. and 9 p.m.

Important train alterations, commencing Oct. 1, are announced by the Great Central Railway, the company having made arrangements which in some instances will reduce the train journey from the North to the South of England by about two hours on the Great Central system. The 2.47 p.m. train from York to Sheffield will in future run direct to Leicester via Attercliffe curve, reaching Leicester at 5.21 p.m., and connecting with the 5.25 p.m. train from Leicester to Oxford, Southampton, etc., thus reducing the time occupied in the journey from Edinburgh, Newcastle, York, etc., to Oxford by two hours; Bristol, two hours; Bournemouth, one hour and ten minutes; Southampton, two hours and ten minutes.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

RECORD NUMBER

OF THE

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PERSONAL.

Before leaving town for Balmoral, King Edward held a Council, at which Sir Charles Scott, British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, was sworn in. His Majesty also received Princess Stephanie and Count Lonyay, and Major-General Gaselee from China. At Balmoral, the Sovereign made a touching reference to "the Highland home we have always loved, and which is so dearly associated with the memory of the late Queen." On Sunday the King and Queen attended Divine worship in Crathie Parish Church. The Court is expected to remain on Deeside during three weeks.

The Lord Mayor-elect, Sir Joseph Cockfield Dimsdale, has a career already closely associated with the City.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
SIR JOSEPH DIMSDALE,
Lord Mayor-Elect of London.

He has been an Alderman since 1891, he was Sheriff in 1894, he has been one of its representatives on the London County Council from its beginning, and now sits for it in Parliament. The Dimsdales are a family long settled in Essex, the county in which Sir Joseph still has his country home. Many of its members were Quakers, in this particular resembling a large number of the bankers whose names are best

known in the City. Sir Joseph was born in 1849, and was educated at Eton—which, by the way, has supplied no Lord Mayor to London till now for 130 years. He married, in 1873, Beatrice, daughter of Mr. R. H. Holdsworth, and became in due course a managing director in the firm of Prescott, Dimsdale, Cave, Tugwell, and Co. His knighthood dates from 1894.

The War Office denies that Lord Kitchener has tendered his resignation. It is also denied officially that there is any "friction" between the Commander-in-Chief and the Department. It was not in the least likely that Lord Kitchener would propose to resign, but the meaning of the word "friction" is not explicit.

A renewal of the vituperation in the German Press against England has provoked from the *Times* the retort that the assertions of papers like the *Kreuz Zeitung* are deliberate lies. There can be no further doubt that these journals know the truth about the conduct of the British Army in South Africa perfectly well.

A correspondent of the *World* at Johannesburg gives this description of the cruelties practised by the British on the helpless Boers: "Everyone who is sent to the hospital has to undress and be washed, and this is a process Boers, old and young, detest. In the second place, they are not allowed to go to bed and sleep in their clothes, but are compelled to put on *chemises-de-nuit*; and there are many complaints against this refinement of cruelty."

General Sir Arthur James Lyon Fremantle, G.C.M.G., who died at the Royal Yacht Squadron Castle, Cowes, and whose body was brought to Brighton for burial, was the eldest son of Major-General John Fremantle, C.B., by Agnes, daughter of Mr. David Lyon. He was born in 1835, and lived long enough to rank as one of the senior officers of the Army, which he entered in 1852, and in which he held the rank of a full General for nearly six years. At the age of twenty-five he had already advanced to be

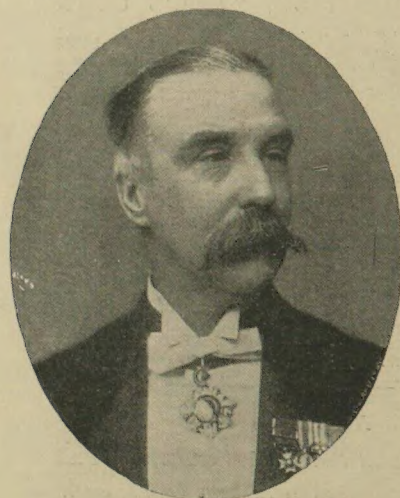


Photo. Bassano.
THE LATE GENERAL SIR A. J. L. FREMANTLE,
Formerly Governor of Malta.

a Captain of his regiment, the Coldstream Guards, and Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army. In 1860 he took the post of Assistant Military Secretary at Gibraltar, and held it for two years. The command of a battalion of the Coldstreams was part of a long spell of regimental duty till 1880, when he was placed on half-pay, but joined, a little later, the staff of the Duke of Cambridge as A.D.C. After that he had a brigade command in the Sudan Expedition, and was Governor of Suakim, taking on his return home the Deputy Adjutant-Generalship for Yeomanry, Militia, and Volunteers at Army Headquarters. The command of the Scottish District followed, and then came the Governorship of Malta, which he held for the full term of five years. General Fremantle was a J.P. for Middlesex and London, and, as the place of his death denotes, a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

The war in the Philippines is not over. Natives who have taken the oath of allegiance dig up their buried rifles, and take to the warpath again. A small American force, lulled into false security, has been massacred. These incidents are like echoes from South Africa.

Mr. Horace Brooks Marshall, who is junior Sheriff-elect for the City of London, is probably the youngest

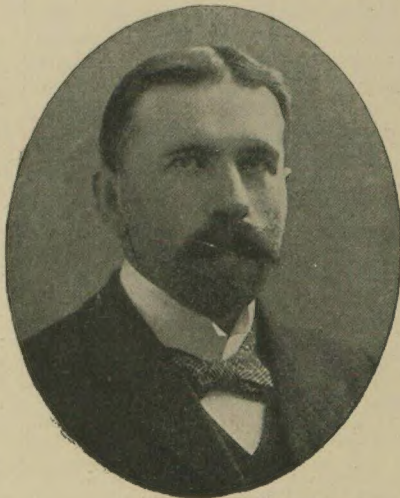
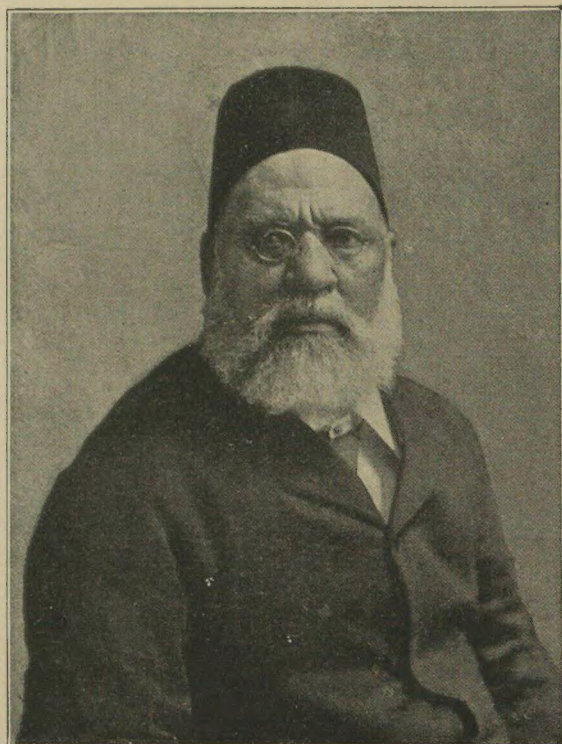


Photo. Norris, Sunningdale.
MR. HORACE BROOKS MARSHALL,
Sheriff-Elect of London.

recorded holder of that post. Though only thirty-six years of age, all the same, Mr. Marshall, who is head of the well-known publishing firm of Horace Marshall and Son, has been for five years on the City Council as representative of the Ward of Farringdon Without, and is a member of the City Lieutenancy and a Justice of the Peace. Educated at Dulwich College, and at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his M.A. degree, Mr. Marshall shows an interest in many charities, including the Orphan Working School, of which he is treasurer. He is a life governor of Bridewell and Bethlehem Hospitals, and, like his father before him, Grand Treasurer of English Freemasons.

After an exile of nearly twenty years, Arabi Pasha has returned to the land of his birth. The memories of Tel-el-Kebir are still fresh, the decisive battle in which the



ARABI PASHA,
RETURNED TO EGYPT FROM EXILE.

British forces quelled the national movement of which "Arabi the Egyptian" was the leader. The sequel also is familiar: his arraignment as worthy of death; his defence at trial by an English counsel at the cost of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt; his banishment to Ceylon, and finally, the meeting between himself and the Duke of Cornwall, at which the Duke promised his intervention, and royally kept his word, as the order for Arabi's release swiftly proved. He is now sixty-two years of age, and in only moderate health; but he hopes next year, in the company of one of his sons, to visit England. Meanwhile he will live in a modest house in Cairo.

Captain Sycamore and Captain Barr are emphatically men of the day and men of the week, though they may have no mention as yet in "Men of the Time."



Photo. R. Thiele.
CAPTAIN SYCAMORE,
Master of Shamrock II.

yet sailed. Captain Sycamore has the credit of being not only an excellent captain, but also a Scotsman, and one who had municipal activities ashore before he took to the sea. The fact that Captain Barr is himself the bearer

of a name well-known north of the Tweed seems to indicate that the parties to the race have decided that it is well to set a Scot to sail a Scot. By such a conjunction international rivalries ought, one supposes, to be a little qualified, and talks of what would or would not be stood at home in the way of blanketing lose half their power for inflammability. Captain Barr, whose liking for the sea drew him away from quite other employment on land, has been long enough in American waters and among American yachtsmen to take count of their currents and to know their ways. The position has this pretty solution, that, whether Captain Sycamore or Captain Barr had to lose, it was Scotland that must win.

Mr. Alderman Bell, one of the Sheriffs-elect for the City of London, was born in London fifty-seven years ago. After passing through Brompton Grammar School, he was articled to an accountant, and with further business experience as an Australian merchant he became a partner in the brewing firm of Messrs. Glover, Bell, and Co., afterwards converted into the Wenlock Brewery Company, of which he is now chairman and managing director. In 1882 he entered the Court of Common Council for the Ward of Coleman Street, and from the first became an active worker on committees, holding the chairmanship in a variety of cases, and eventually becoming an Alderman. He married, in 1868, a daughter of Mr. T. Clare, of Enfield, and is a member of the London Yacht Club and a prominent Freemason.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. ALDERMAN BELL,
Sheriff-Elect of London.

Lieutenant Richard Cecil, aged nineteen, fell in love with Miss Jessie Bain, a beautiful girl of Belfast. Lady Frances Cecil put an advertisement into the local papers forbidding the banns, but this expedient does not seem to have had any effect. In this realm of freemen a minor's mamma cannot check the course of true love by this expedient. Mammams are more powerful in France, where you cannot marry at all without the consent of your parents.

Sir Thomas Lipton may not win the America Cup, but he should win a reputation for sangfroid rarely equalled. A United States revenue cutter stove in the side of his steam-yacht, and might have sunk her. Sir Thomas, quite unruffled, called for "three cheers for Uncle Sam." One thinks of him going to the bottom, and still cheering Uncle Sam, who has sent him there by inadvertence. It is an enviable disposition, and suggests that Sir Thomas Lipton should be appointed plenipotentiary to settle the Nicaragua Canal Question. The Liptonian settlement might then be fittingly celebrated by a bumping race through the canal between the *Columbia* and *Shamrock II*.

Sir William Henry Rattigan, whose return for North-East Lanark is due to local division in the Liberal ranks and is a gain to the Government, is the only surviving son of Mr. Bartholomew Rattigan, of Athy, County Kildare. His actual birth-place—fifty-nine years ago—was Delhi, and he was educated at Agra before coming to King's College, London. After being called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1873, he practised chiefly in India. He took silk in 1897, and he has served on four occasions as Judge of the Chief Court of the Punjab. Other experiences he had as a member of the Punjab Legislative Council, as Vice-Chancellor of the Punjab University, and as an Additional Member of the Supreme Legislative Council of India. Various treatises on Jurisprudence and International Law are due to his pen. Sir William, who married, in 1878, Evelyn, daughter of Colonel A. Higgins, C.I.E., became a Knight in 1895.

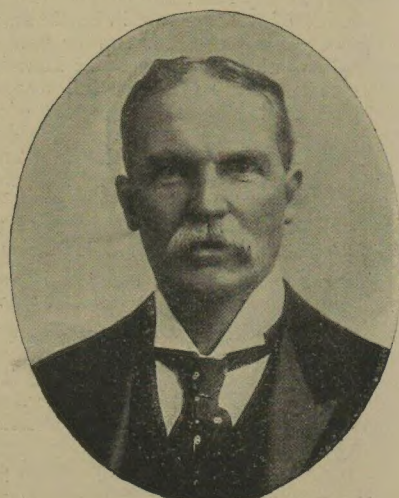


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
SIR W. H. RATTIGAN,
New M.P. for the N.E. Division of Lanarkshire.

The French automobiliac is now anxious to distinguish himself in a bull-fight—that is to say, a fight between a bull and a motor-car. This original entertainment was offered to the public of Bayonne, and was not much appreciated.

The exodus of monks and nuns from France has caused a great immigration into Jersey. Carmelites are looking about for suitable property. This does not seem to be greatly relished by the older inhabitants of the island; and it is asked why an asylum should be afforded to these very sincere and well-meaning people, who have an unfortunate habit of not minding their own business.

THE GUERILLA WARFARE IN SOUTH AFRICA.



THE JACKALS OF THE ARMY: BOERS SEARCHING FOR LOST AMMUNITION ON A DESERTED BRITISH CAMPING-GROUND.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE KING'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

King Edward, accompanied by the Queen, Princess Victoria, and the four children of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, left Euston on the evening of Sept. 27 by special train for Scotland, on his first visit to Balmoral since Queen Victoria's death. The London and North-Western railway-station was specially decorated for the occasion, and an arch of evergreens erected over the entrance. The train was drawn up some two hours before the time fixed for their Majesties' departure, and at half-past seven the royal children arrived and retired immediately to the sleeping-saloons. Their Majesties and Princess Victoria, attended by the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, Commander the Hon. Seymour Fortescue, Lieut.-Colonel Davidson, and the Hon. Henry Stonor, drove from Marlborough House soon after nine o'clock, and at twenty-three minutes past nine the royal train left the station. On arrival at Aberdeen his Majesty, who was dressed in Highland costume, with a grey tweed kilt, Highland cloak, and Glengarry bonnet, was greeted by Lord Aberdeen, Lord Kintore, Colonel Mathias, the Lord Provost, and others, and afterwards walked to the Palace Hotel for breakfast, the Queen and the royal children taking theirs in the train. At Ballater the King's Bodyguard of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders was drawn up under Major Mackenzie of Ord, together with companies of the local Volunteers. After inspecting the guards of honour, his Majesty entered the carriage, in which the Queen, Princess Victoria, and Prince Edward were already seated, and drove to Balmoral, where the Balmoral Highlanders formed a double line at the entrance which leads to the private grounds of the castle. Mr. James Forbes, who was in command of the Highlanders, welcomed their Majesties on behalf of the royal tenants and servants on the Balmoral estates, and the King graciously replied. At the entrance to the castle a bumper was filled by the clansmen and emptied to the right good health of the King and Queen and the members of their family, his Majesty, in return, drinking the health of his loyal Highlanders.

THE ROYAL TOUR IN CANADA.

The Duke of Cornwall's visit to Montreal came to an end on Sept. 19, and on the 20th their Royal Highnesses arrived at Ottawa, where an address was presented outside Parliament House. The following day the Duke and Duchess watched a lacrosse match between Ottawa and Cornwall, and the same evening the town was illuminated. The ceremonies included also the unveiling of a statue of Queen Victoria and the presentation of the Victoria Cross to Sergeant Hollander for bravery in the South African War. Many other South African veterans also received medals. On Sept. 23 their Royal Highnesses enjoyed a voyage in a lumber-slide, and derived great amusement from the quaint candour of certain lumbermen to whom they spoke. The Duke and Duchess left on Sept. 24 for Winnipeg, which was reached on the morning of the 26th. From Winnipeg the route lay through Regina to Calgary, where the Duke was present at a picturesque Indian pow-wow, recalling in its ceremonial the best manner of Fenimore Cooper. The Duke delivered a very lengthy speech, in which he adapted himself admirably to the high-flown language of the North American Indian. On Oct. 1 the Duke arrived at Victoria, the capital of British Columbia. From our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, who is following the Canadian tour, we have received a sketch of the landing at Quebec.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S FUNERAL.

The arrival of our Special Artist's sketches of the funeral of President McKinley leads us to recapitulate briefly the closing ceremonies. After lying in state at the City Hall, Buffalo, the body was conveyed early on the morning of Sept. 16 to the station, whence it was carried by rail to Washington. The arrival at Washington took place the same night, and the coffin was placed in the East Room of the White House until the following morning, when it was solemnly removed under military escort to the Capitol. The coffin was borne up the steps by a detachment of sailors. Immediately following it were Mrs. McKinley and Mr. Abner McKinley, brother of the late President. During the ceremony rain fell with little intermission, but this did not prevent the assembling of vast crowds, who watched the President's obsequies with every mark of respect and affection. Within the Rotunda of the Capitol was held a brief service, the most striking feature of which was the singing of "Nearer, my God, to Thee." On the following day the body lay in state

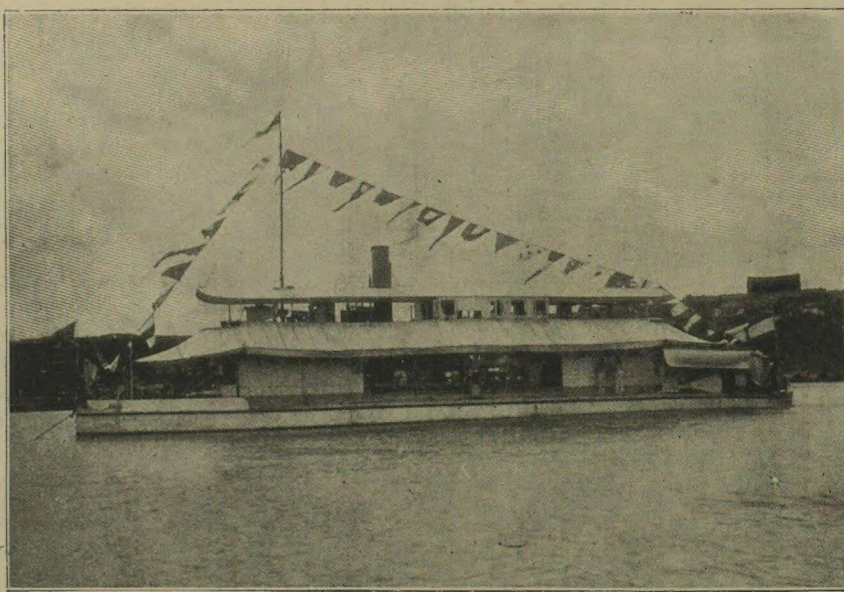
in the Rotunda, when the people were permitted to look for the last time upon the President's features. In the evening, amid tolling of bells, the sound of minute-guns and funeral marches, the remains of the President were conveyed to the railway, and the last journey was undertaken to Canton, Ohio, Mr. McKinley's home. At Canton, the late President was again laid in state in the Courthouse, and afterwards his body was



THE EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS IN SCOTLAND:
A RUINED SMITHY AT INVERNESS.

The earthquake of September 18 affected Scotland from the Forth to the Dornoch Firth. At Inverness many buildings shook violently, and our illustration shows a blacksmith's shop where the roof has fallen in, while the dismantled chimney and the cracked walls all bear evidence of the shock. Another and slighter disturbance was felt on September 30.

removed to his own house. The ceremonies came to a close on Sept. 19, when the President was interred in the cemetery at Canton. The vanguard was led by a military band playing "Lead, kindly Light." Next came a cavalry escort, and then President Roosevelt. The funeral-car followed, and was accompanied on one side by Admirals and on the other by Generals. The family, diplomatic corps, and members of Congress followed in carriages. The service was held in the



H.M.S. "SANDPIPER," HOLDER OF THE RECORD FOR HIGH NAVIGATION
OF THE WEST RIVER, CHINA.

Methodist church, and afterwards the remains were conveyed to the vault. Immediately after the interment, a detachment of artillery posted inside the cemetery fired minute-guns. One of the most impressive incidents was that afforded by the veterans of the Grand Army, who picked up, as mementoes of the President, the flowers with which the ground was strewn.

THE AMERICA CUP RACE.

Postponed from Saturday, Sept. 21, till the following Thursday, in consequence of the President's death, the first of the contests for the America Cup drew together an immense concourse of spectators at Sandy Hook, only to

find a fresh illustration of the proverbial slip 'twixt the Cup and the Lip. The yachts, *Columbia* getting a better start than *Shamrock II.*, got away soon after eleven o'clock, inspired by a fair breeze, which soon put the challenger ahead, only, however, to be outstripped a little later by the defender, which maintained a decided advantage, but was not able, when the wind fell, to progress to the goal within the limit of time. This fiasco rather increased than lessened interest in the race sailed on the succeeding Saturday, the 28th, when the contest proved a neck-and-neck one. *Columbia* led at first, and then *Shamrock*, which turned the mark a little in advance of the defender. On the return journey, however, fanned by a failing breeze, the defender got ahead, and came in a few seconds sooner than her rival, in addition to the small time allowance. The race fixed for Tuesday, Oct. 1, was not completed within the prescribed limit of five and a half hours, and was declared "off," when *Shamrock* was leading by upwards of a mile. While these contests brought New York to the shores that overlooked the racecourse, London had its own answering symptoms of excitement in awaiting the issue. Newspaper enterprise was at its keenest; late editions of evening papers were published; the Crystal Palace and the Alexandra Palace sent up rockets, green or red, according as *Shamrock* or *Columbia* had the lead; a tower opposite the Temple carried coloured lights; while on the Thames two boats sped up and down at distances dictated by the cable; while at Earl's Court the Lumiscriptor in letters of light reported the progress of the race.

THE PERSIAN GULF INCIDENT.

British naval activity and Turkish military activity at the head of the Persian Gulf, at Koweit, and at Busrah have given rise to a little flock of rumours. No doubt there has been a great deal of inter-tribal disturbance, and the presence of British war-vessels and Turkish soldiers points to an understanding between our Government and the Porte to prevent the attack of the Ameer of Nejd on the Sheikh of Koweit; but there does not seem to be any substance in the report that Great Britain is to proclaim a protectorate in those parts. Turkey has thirty thousand troops at Busrah, with a hundred miles desert march before them if they are to intervene in the manner indicated; while our naval force in the Persian Gulf, or bound thither, includes H.M.'s cruisers *Perseus*, *Marathon*, *Highflyer*, and *Pomone*, the service-vessel *Sphinx*, and the torpedo gun-boat *Assaye*.

H.M.S. "SANDPIPER" AT NANNING.

H.M.S. *Sandpiper*, a shallow-draught gun-boat employed in patrolling the West River, China, which sank during a typhoon in Hong-Kong Harbour in November last, has just made a record trip to Nanning, which is 320 miles farther than any gun-boat has been on the river, and 150 miles farther than any other steam-boat.

The difficulty in reaching Nanning lies in the number of rapids, and especially the Great Rapid (T'ai T'au), which is an extremely difficult and dangerous one to navigate, and can only be passed in the summer when the river is very high. The ship is shown dressed in honour of the occasion.

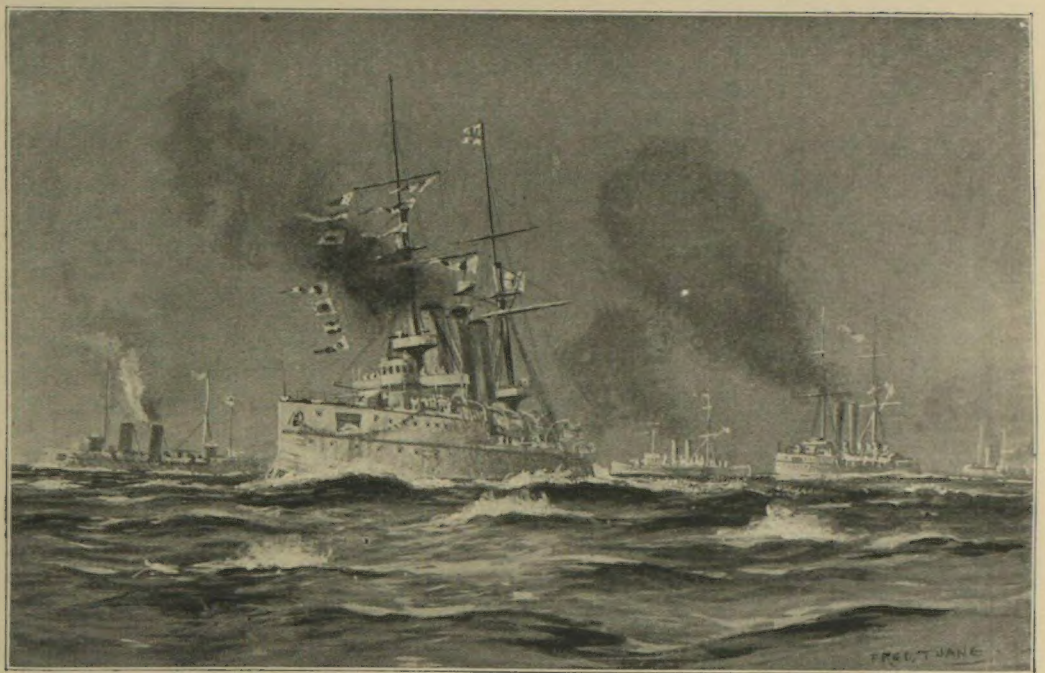
MAJOR-GEN. BADEN-POWELL
AT CHARTERHOUSE.

The Carthusians of Godalming celebrated a high day on Sept. 28, when Major-General Baden-Powell revisited his old school to lay the foundation-stone of the new cloisters which are to be erected in memory of old Carthusians who fell in the South African Campaign. Major-General Baden-Powell made the journey to Godalming on his motor-car, and was received by a guard of honour drawn from the 2nd Royal West Surrey Regiment. The ceremony of the day was opened by the Bishop of Southampton with the Collect of Consecration, and thereafter the Head Master delivered an address, in which he mentioned that 360 old Carthusians had been on active service in South Africa, and that of these twenty-seven had lost their lives. He concluded with a compliment to the guest of the day, and then Major-General Baden-Powell laid the foundation-stone of the new building. He remarked that he was proud of his connection with Charterhouse School, and added that those old Carthusians who had laid down their lives for their country had built for themselves a monument that would never fade. In conclusion, he said, "Play the game in everything; play the game as I told you when I spoke to you before, and try to play for your side and not for yourself." On taking his departure, the General was loudly cheered by the boys.

RECENT EVENTS HOME AND FOREIGN.



THE PORT OF BUSRAH, ON THE PERSIAN GULF, WHERE 30,000 TURKISH TROOPS ARE CONCENTRATED.



H.M.S. Marathon. H.M.S. Highflyer. H.M.S. Perseus. H.M.S. Pomone. H.M.S. Sphinx.

THE BRITISH SQUADRON ORDERED TO THE PERSIAN GULF.

DRAWN BY F. T. JANE.



Photo. Lafayette, Dublin.

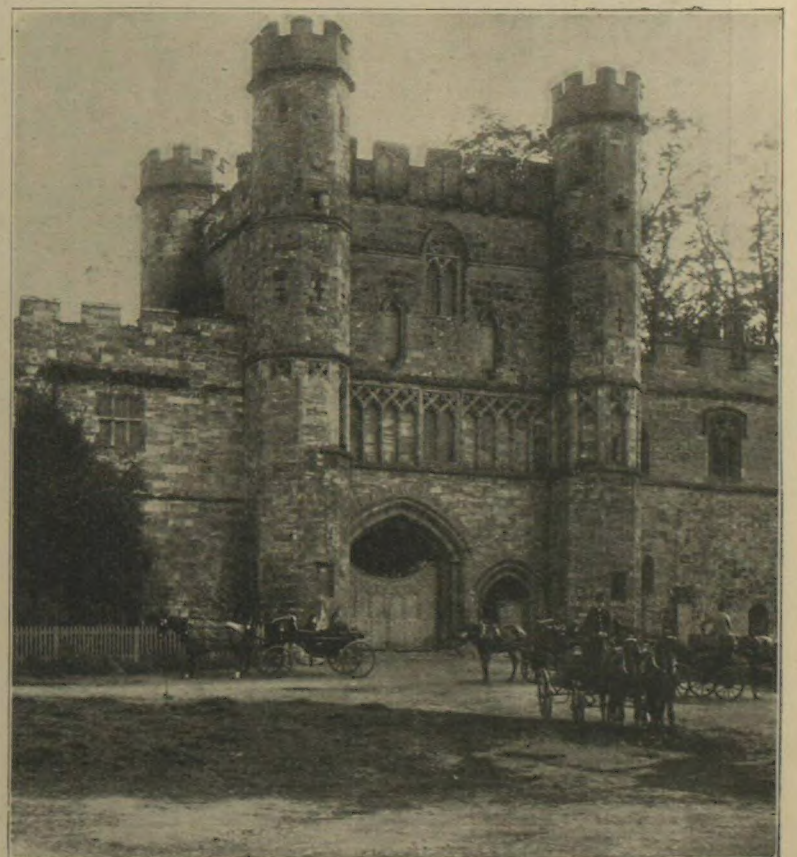
THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON UNIVERSITY EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

The members in the top row, beginning on the left hand side, are Professor S. H. Butcher, Mr. Wilfrid Ward, Professor J. Lorrain Smith, Mr. James Dermot Daly, Mr. William J. M. Starkie, and Professor R. H. F. Dickey; those on the bottom row, beginning on left hand side, are Professor J. A. Ewing, Mr. Justice Madden, Viscount Ridley, Lord Robertson, the Most Rev. John Healy, the Bishop of Clonfert; Sir Richard Claverhouse Jebb, and Professor John Rhys.



Photo. Mr. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.

MAJOR-GEN. BADEN-POWELL LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW CHARTERHOUSE CLOISTERS TO THE MEMORY OF CARTHUSIANS FALLEN IN SOUTH AFRICA.



A HISTORIC BUILDING ABOUT TO COME UNDER THE HAMMER: BATTLE ABBEY, THE PROPERTY OF THE LATE DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND.

KING EDWARD'S RETURN AND JOURNEY TO SCOTLAND.



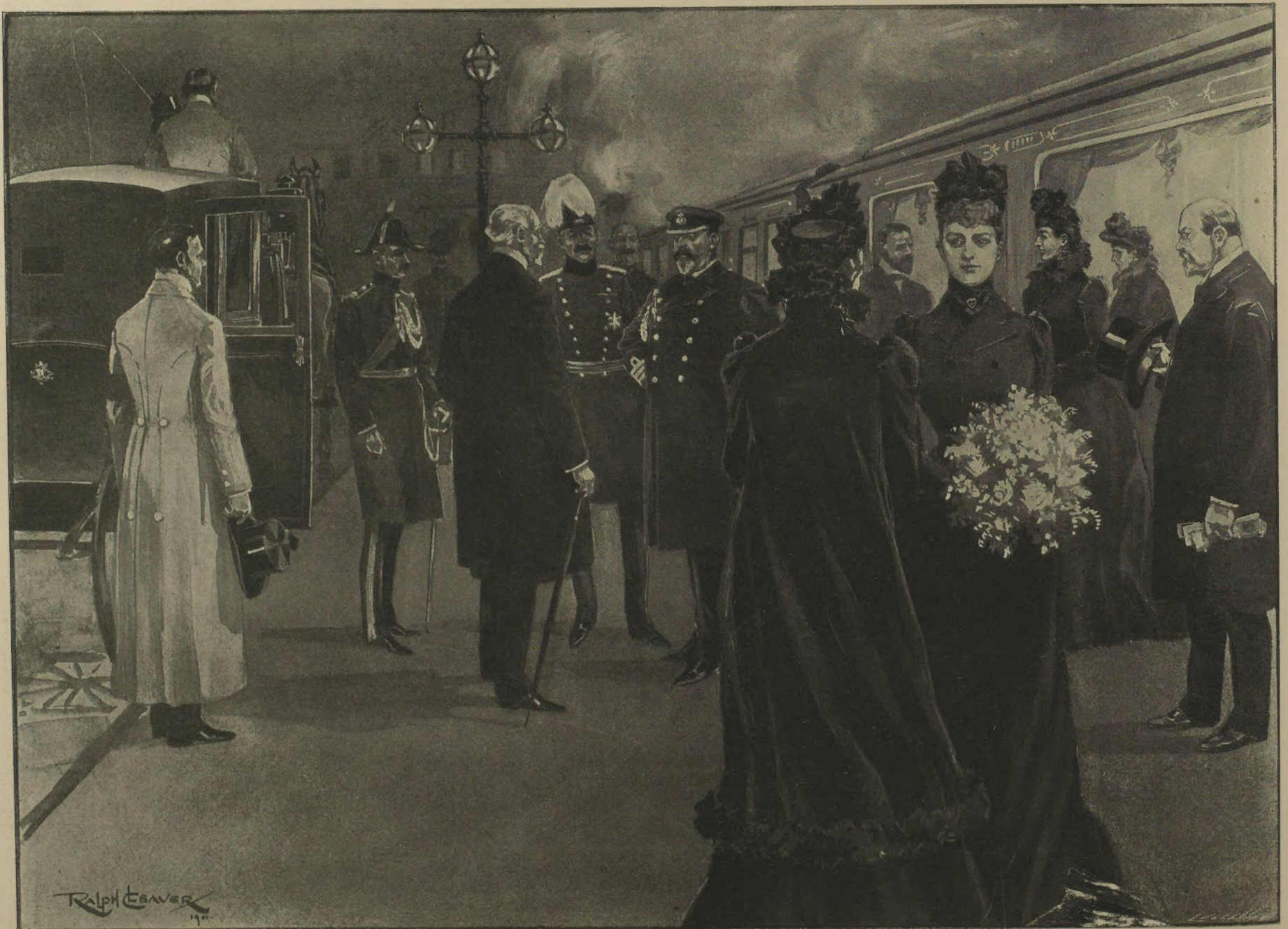
THE ARRIVAL OF KING EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT BALLATER
ON SEPTEMBER 28.

Photo. Johnston, Banbury.



THE ROYAL CARRIAGE DRIVING THROUGH THE ARCH OF WELCOME
AT BALLATER.

Photo. Johnston, Banbury.



Captain Montgomery. M. de Bille (Danish Minister). Sir Henry Trotter. The King.

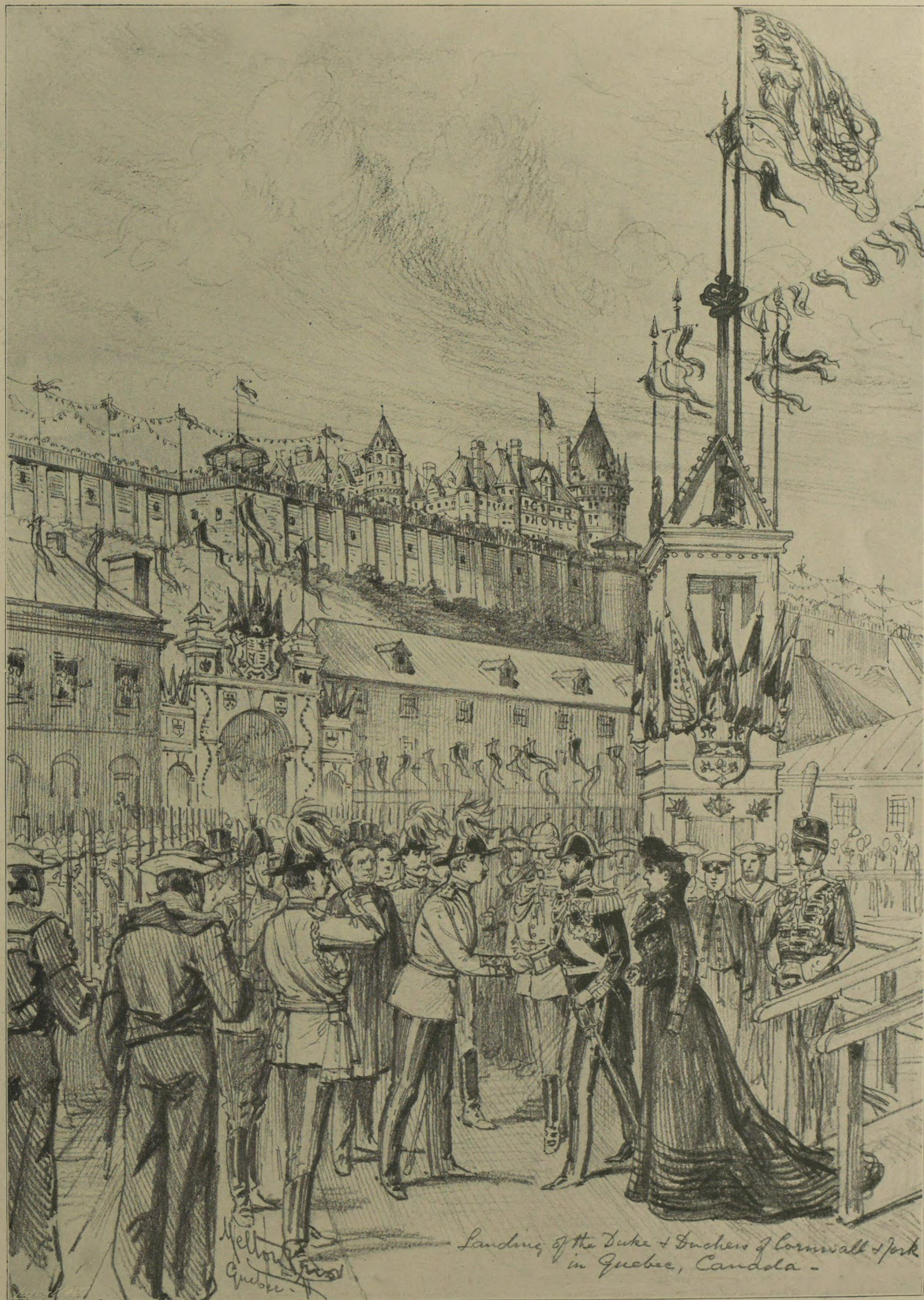
Madame de Bille.

The Queen. Princess Victoria.

KING EDWARD'S RETURN FROM HIS CONTINENTAL TOUR: HIS MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL WITH QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND PRINCESS VICTORIA AT CHARING CROSS.

THE ROYAL COLONIAL TOUR.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CANADA.



Landing of the Duke & Duchess of Cornwall & York
in Quebec, Canada -

FIRST VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN TO SCOTLAND SINCE THEIR ACCESSION.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. AMATO



THEIR MAJESTIES' DEPARTURE FROM EUSTON STATION ON SEPTEMBER 27.

THE KING AND QUEEN'S KINDLY INTEREST IN THE SUFFERING.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT COPENHAGEN.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, OCT. 5, 1901. 49

Dr. Niels Finsen (Inventor of the Treatment).

KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA VISITING THE FINSEN INSTITUTE FOR THE TREATMENT OF LUPUS BY LIGHT, AT COPENHAGEN.

Many of the patients in the Institute are English.



THE ROYAL ARTILLERY SPORTS AT WOOLWICH, SEPTEMBER 26: THE OBSTACLE RACE.

THE SOUTH OF IRELAND GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING, SEPTEMBER 12.

THE TEAM OF ENGLISH ATHLETES WHO COMPETED IN AMERICA FOR THE INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP.

ASTON VILLA FOOTBALL CLUB V. EVERTON, SEPTEMBER 28.

THE AUTUMN MEETING OF THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GOLF CLUB AT ST. ANDREWS ON SEPTEMBER 25: MR. A. J. BALFOUR PUTTING.

THE OFFCASTING OF NICHEMOUS.

By W. A. FRASER.



Illustrated by Arthur H. Buckland.

IN the first place Lieutenant Hugh Royd became of interest, as far as this story is concerned, in Rangoon. That was long enough ago, even before the time King Thebaw was taken by his royal neck and led out of the country by the British Raj—it was thirty-one years.

Nobody ever quite knew why he *apsied* out of the regiment, which is a Hindustani word describing a man's voluntary departure. He had worked like a Trojan to get his commission as a sub, and fought like a hero to exchange that for something higher; and then, in a single night, shed all the glorious paraphernalia of a British officer, and in the morning crawled aboard an outgoing steamer a thing closely allied to a social pariah; for when a young man cuts the Service without some higher motive ostensibly in sight, it is considered decidedly bad form.

To say that nobody knew is rather a sweeping statement; for a woman knew, and also one other man, who did not cut the Service. She did not tell; neither did the

other man. Royd disappeared, so practically nobody knew. And this story has only to do with the other end of Royd's long-drawn-out term of misfit in the universe.

Neither does what had happened in the intervening thirty-one years matter much; for it was at the end of that time, in the present year, that the love replica came again to Kootenay Royd, ex-Lieutenant in her Majesty's service.

Almost at the foot of Chief Mountain, close to the Montana boundary, a gigantic doorway has been cleft through the Rocky Mountains—the Kootenay Pass. In the mouth of the Pass, nestling among the grass-covered foothills like a string of blue-green jade stones, lies a crescent of water, delicately slender as a new moon—the Kootenay Lakes. In the lakes swim the gold-shimmered rainbow-trout, almost the size of giant salmon. When the south-travelling sun bends to its autumn sleep over the snow-crested hills to the west at eventide, elk and caribou, and bear and grey wolf steal down from the spruce-forests, which lie like a velvet mantle on the

breasts of the uplands, to the empurpled waters, and drink in leisurely content, for it is far from the leather-scented trail of man.

On the brink of the middle lake crouches a small log shack; in the shack homes Kootenay Royd. And to him in the crouching shack, at the end of thirty years, came the thing of which no one spoke that other time, and made this little story.

The antlered deer, and the trout with the shimmer of the rainbow on their fatted sides, were not enough to Kootenay Royd. The spirits up in the mountains, always busy with their storm-making and cloud-building, giped at him, and whispered at him, and conned over in black night that other story which nobody knew, until he cinched tight his broncho saddle on a piebald cayuse and rode many miles north to the land of the Crees.

He tied the ewe-necked cayuse to a tent-peg outside the lodge of Stone Axe the chief, dipped through the low-browed slit that served as door, and, with much sign-talk, conversed with the red man over the expediency of



Kootenay read the books that came from other lands.

accepting ten horses for his daughter. Weighed against her personal charms, a yearling colt would have been an exorbitant price to pay; but, as the daughter of a chief, not a hoof less than twenty horses would secure her, Stone Axe explained.

Kootenay had seen Nichemous, the chief's daughter, once at Stand Off, the unlawful capital of the whisky smugglers' domain. But that was not at all why he had come for her—even Kootenay knew that; she must have made medicine to lure him; or the spirit-winds from the mountains whispered her name when he sat in the midst of a solitude that was leagues broad on every side.

It was something of this sort; it could not have been romance; for she was ugly close to the point of fascination—built on the lines of a wheelbarrow; as devoid of grace; only blacker, and more disconsolately in evidence for ever and ever.

Kootenay turned over to the pagan Indian chief the value of twenty horses; there was an unseemly tea-dance, at which the apostate paleface became in verity a dweller in proscribed limits—a squaw man.

Kootenay took her back with him to the lop-sided shack that seemed for ever threatening to commit suicide by a plunge in the trout-peopled lake.

Her talk drowned the voices of the wind spirits; and she kept the shack clean, and cooked his food after the crude fashion of her savage ancestry.

Kootenay read the books that came from other lands—Latin and French and English; and outwardly ripened into the personification of a man who had never worn anything but leather chapps since the donning of early raiment.

All this was some time before the completion of the thirty years.

The Western world's knowledge of Kootenay was not extensive; he was "a queer fish," "a great hunter," "a good guide," a man who interspersed Latin quotations and classic oaths, begotten of Oxford, in the usual Western formula of embellished expression. An exploring "My Lord" had had his soul startled over a camp-fire by a guide, with many days of unwashed travel thick upon his unfettered garb, who dissected the methods of Dante, and backed Pericles to give the moderns many points in the game of art; also cinched the pack-animals with a thoroughness such as no other packer had ever achieved in the remembrance of My Lord. All these things were confusing in the extreme, but they were as nothing to Kootenay, who was, after all, only a "squaw man," homing in the squat log shack that leaned plaintively out toward the jade-green lake.

It was in the thirtieth year that a man with a desire of ranching strong upon him set his family down in the middle of a cattle-run twenty miles from the mouth of this Pass. Twenty miles in the West means a very close neighbour. And also with the new man was his daughter, with a year of age upon her for every mile of trail that lay between their new log shack and the homing-place of Kootenay Royd.

Her name wasn't Helen at all; but this is a true story. The culture that was in Helen completely blotted out the thirty years of Kootenay's dwelling in the catacombs; until, though he was actually fifty-five, he was really just turned one score when he talked to her. That was why it all came, back with such silly force—the love-thing. The man that was fifty-five—that was Kootenay—hunted and fished, and wandered up the steep sides of Chief Mountain for "Big Horn," and came back tired, and sat dejectedly opposite the black Cree squaw, and called her "Nichemous," which means "My dear." And the man, who was just turned a score, that was Lieutenant Royd, galloped to the ranch and talked to Helen of the things that were in the East; which are books written by poets, and music that wails from the strings of a violin, and of lilac blossoms that grow purple, or lilies that stand pale at Easter, and of all the other unnecessary things which a squaw man should know nothing about. For if he do, and the squaw become more coarse in the fullness of time, it is all apt to end in the uncanonised way.

Also, Helen sketched with a charming disregard of perspective and unnecessary variation of colour. And this was one of the things that had lain buried for thirty years in the man; so there were trips in the passes, and more warmth to be put into the slate-cold skies with which Helen topped the jagged mounds she limned as mountains.

The man knew the utter failure of her much-awry landscapes—knew it as a charm; that was as a woman should be—just art enough still to remain a woman to be loved. It was better even than the squaw who could swing an axe like a lumberman. She could do things—material things—the squaw wife, and was useful; therefore he hated her.

And all the time the Cree woman, coarse in her huge muscularity, saw these things, and the little, gnarled, blood-streaked eyes groped furtively for premonition of what it would all lead to. Perhaps it would mean the sending of her back to the tribe, where there was only much cold and much hunger, and a coarse toil that was worse than the labour of pack-dogs. She had never understood the white man who buried his narrow-lined

face in books and spoke so poorly the one language she knew; but she led the life of an angel compared with that other tribe-life—that she could understand. That must be the reason why she now felt lone-hearted when the other was near. Yes, it must have been that: it was impossible that such a physical rebuke to the glory of creation could feel anything of love for the paleface who was not even a savage. The gnawing pain must have been because of the cold and hunger which was the heritage of her people.

The obese Nichemous saw every little act in the scheme of transformation which set in over the person of her white lord. One morning the grizzled locks that had rested erratically against his sloped shoulders for a decade were clipped close to the roots and tossed disdainfully out among the sienna-coloured bunch-grass. Then he shaved.

No wonder that the furtive little eyes that were like the eyes of a hippopotamus took on a lurid heat, that turned back to the hot brain. When he bathed himself, a new vista was opened up to her slow, speculating mind: he was turning *wehtigo*—becoming crazy.

An Indian stalks game with a silent tongue, and the squaw watched much and said nothing.

The coming of the ranchman had been when the Chinook—which is the gentle breath of the mountains when they are not angry—came down through the Pass and kissed the lonesome-hearted earth, and the hot lips melted the late spring snow, and the grass came up green, and the grouse mated. Then the summer came and sat in the lap of the prairie wherein the cattleman had rested.

The one thing that had never gone out of the life of Kootenay Royd was that he was, first of all, a gentleman. He could no more efface that completely than he could shed the straight, sharp nose planted firmly between his blue-grey eyes.

This was what made the whole complication possible—made it impossible of comedy and full of plaintive tragedy.

He and Helen were much together, for he was a man of leisure—a Bedouin of the Western plains. And the one that was blind, the man, built a fine castle of extraordinary architectural design—a veritable house of glass that was to shatter to diamond dust a little later.

When he spoke to Nichemous about going back to the tribe, the gnarled little eyes that were like those of swine did not light up in indignant astonishment; only sullen acquiescence came into them, for she had known that it was coming—this halting, hesitating proposal of the off-casting.

Together they rode over to where her brother had his tepee among the Blood Indians, and there it was arranged that Nichemous would take twenty horses as the price of the off-casting, and go back to her people. It was like cutting the grizzled hair, part of the metamorphosis of Kootenay, the recrudescence of the man in the living catacombs.

If Kootenay's eyes had not been touched with rose-salve, the strange feeling of loneliness, of having wrenched himself from something that had been in his life, would have asserted itself more strongly as he rode back to the crouching shack by the string of jewelled lakes; but he planned fast at his air-castle, every mirrored wall of which reflected a sweet girl-face, and the broad, black visage of the other greyed down into the dead past until it became only something that he had turned his back upon.

Nichemous stood stolidly in front of her brother's lodge watching the horseman as he loped over the tawny sea of gold-brown prairie. In the huge face was the gravity of many things; and in the little eyes the light of something which the slow-going brain had evolved from the chaos that had come into her existence. When the horseman had become only a tiny wobbling blur, she went into the lodge, sat down and smoked a small grey-stone pipe until the brass-ringed bowl-mouth became hot. At the end of three pipes she rose, took a raw-hide medicine-bag from the folds of a blanket, sat down again, and crooned softly to it, a strange guttural "Hi-yi-yi, ooh-h-h, huh-huh!" On the white side of the medicine-bag were two yellow and red diamonds, and a figure in blue like a spearhead; its borders were tasselled with coarse threads of buckskin. From a red handkerchief she unrolled two crude, doll-like figures cut from birch-bark, representing a man and woman: it was Kootenay and herself.

She pressed the man-figure to her coarse, full lips—heavily, clumsily, then rolled them, face to face, in many folds of red cloth, slipped them in the medicine-bag, and hung it on a forked willow behind the tepee. Surely Kootenay's frail castle was builded in the air, for this medicine-making was to undo all that had been done.

Every day, and far into the night, Nichemous made medicine with her charm-bag to bring back the white man who had been good to her. Theoretically, she knew nothing of love; she just wanted to sit in the warm shack and look wonderingly at the thin-faced man who laughed and frowned into books, and only troubled her to cook a little and fill his pipe. And the medicine that was in the

bag stretched out its influence from the Blood Reserve—for Nichemous went not to her own people—and got into the muscles of the white man. His arms twitched, and the winds from the mountains came down through the Pass and screamed at him through the chinks in his log shack, and the lapping waters of the lake babbled strange noises.

It was the medicine that changed all his plans; that caused him to break a lance with Fate moons before he had meant; that made him ride out to the home of Helen to his undoing.

Nichemous had claimed his pinto riding-horse as one of the twenty. At the time Kootenay had not understood why she was so insistent upon that point, for he could not hear her whispering to herself, "I will keep the pinto for when the paleface comes back." So he cinched up a chestnut broncho, with a great gaping hollow on its inner thigh, where a wolf had sought to hamstring it as a two-year-old.

As Kootenay loped out of the Pass the medicine that was to the south in the lodges of the blood drew him to the wrong trail. For an hour he galloped, conscious of nothing but that the air held perfume of lilacs and the music of young laughter, and the presence of love. Then the chestnut put the wolf-bitten leg into a badger-hole, and brought the dreamer, with an exaggerated flourish, down amongst the stunted yellow dandelions and purple violets. The man's energetic comments perhaps broke the spell of the tiny mannikins, for when he looked across the prairie he saw that he had ridden miles out of his way.

That night he talked to Helen of things that were as startling as though Chief Mountain had slid out fifty miles into the plain in a single day.

Of course it only meant much misery to the girl, for she had never thought of it in that way. It was the rose-salve that had blinded Kootenay—that was all. The talk of flowers, and books, and the thrill of Rusticana had not made this squaw man of the old age a lover in her young eyes. At home there was the talk of cattle; of calves, and cows, and bulls; storms and grass-feed, and beef—nothing but beef—less romance than there was in the medicine-bag of the squat, black squaw; and the glamour of this almost extinct gentleman was pleasant as friendship—as friendship only.

Even from Kootenay the spell fell away and he too saw himself as he had been before the coming of Helen.

The goblin in the medicine-bag laughed as the white man rode the wolf-maimed chestnut dejectedly back to his log shack. Nichemous heard the laugh and crooned softly her weird witch-song, and gave five horses to the friends that had been friends to her brother.

When thirty years of life come back to a man in one day it is apt to stoop the shoulders a little, and for the full turn of a moon Kootenay sat by the emerald-green lake like one who has been caressed by a blizzard. He swept up the tiny fragments of his shattered castle, and threw them out against the wind—the mountain wind that chided back, and carried the tale to the demon in the medicine-bag on the Blood Reserve.

Nichemous waited, for she came of a patient race, and took the little mannikin from the raw-hide, ochre-marked bag, and caressed it until her bead eyes became blurred with mists of joy.

Every night the medicine-bag demon called to the lone paleface, and twitched at his muscles; and every day Kootenay drew a pencil through a black-lettered date on a calendar that hung just over the table where he had sat so many times opposite the Cree woman who was Nichemous.

The effacing of the other time had been thirty years; surely now he would wait thirty days and drink of the wormwood tonic which was hopeless resignation.

Sometimes he laughed bitterly at the utter foolishness of the thing that had come to him. Living at the foot of Chief Mountain, and seeing only blinking elk-eyes, or the pig-eyes of a grizzly, had strangely tortured his knowledge of the eternal fitness of things; but Helen's quiet, kind, plaintive words had shown him how particularly akin to a mountain-creature he had been since her advent.

Small wonder he sat for thirty days and scored himself with a rare inventive genius born of his excited condition. Sometimes it was with a levity that was all awry; sometimes it was the hollow despair of a man who counts the days since he became blind. Why was it this way for him? When he reached out for sweet flowers his hand came back laden with nothing but the purple-belled monk's-hood—the blossoms of deadly aconite.

When he had pencilled out thirty days of sitting in sackcloth, he saddled the chestnut and rode like a drunken man to the lodge where the heavy-faced squaw crooned to the medicine spirit.

Neither this time did the red and yellow eyes show any surprise. She knew; it was as the demon had said it would be.

Of the horses there were ten left, and in three days they were eating grass in the shadow of Chief Mountain, and Kootenay was once more just a squaw man, deep in the terrible pathos of what might have been.

THE END.

THE FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.



THE CESSATION OF BUSINESS IN NEW YORK HARBOUR AT THE MOMENT OF THE INTERMENT, SEPTEMBER 19.



SAILORS BEARING THE REMAINS UP THE STEPS OF THE CAPITOL, SEPTEMBER 17.

Mrs. McKinley and Mr. Abner McKinley immediately followed the bier.

Photo. L. & Co. N.Y.

THE FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A SKETCH BY NORMAN WILKINSON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT CANTON, OHIO.



Mr. Cortelyou.

President Roosevelt

THE CLOSING SCENE: CARRYING THE BODY INTO THE VAULT AT THE CEMETERY OF CANTON, OHIO, SEPTEMBER 19

THE FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAZARNICK.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, OCT. 5, 1901.—195

THE PROCESSION LEAVING THE WHITE HOUSE FOR THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, SEPTEMBER 17.

It is a noticeable fact that the leaders of the horses were all negroes.

THE CONTEST FOR THE AMERICA CUP: THE RIVAL YACHTS.



1. SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S FLEET IN HORSESHOE BAY, NEW YORK, SHOWING THE YACHT "ERIN," WITH WHICH A REVENUE CUTTER COLLIDED DURING THE RACE ON SEPTEMBER 25. 2. PAST AND PRESENT CHALLENGERS: "SHAMROCK II." AND THE REMAINS OF "VALKYRIE III." AT GOVAN. 3. "BLANKETING," WHICH RETARDED "SHAMROCK II.'S" PROGRESS DURING THE RACE ON SEPTEMBER 26. 4. "SHAMROCK II." (RIGHT) AND "COLUMBIA" (LEFT) IN A MODERATE BREEZE AND A HEAVY SWELL.

From a Sketch by Norman Wilkinson, our Special Artist at New York for the Yacht Race.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Marna's Mutiny. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. (London: Hutchinson, 6s.)
The Strange Disappearance of Lady Delia. By Louis Tracy. (London: Pearson, 6s.)
The Year One. By J. Bloundelle Burton. (London: Methuen, 6s.)
A Search for an Infidel. By Jenkin Lloyd Jones. (London and New York: Macmillan, 6s.)
The Dictionary of National Biography. Supplement; Vols. I. and II. (London: Smith, Elder, 15s. per Vol.)
Sea and Coast Fishing. By F. G. Aflalo. (London: Grant Richards, 6s.)
Tolstoy and His Problems. By Aylmer Maude. (London: Grant Richards, 5s.)
A Dictionary of Architecture and Building. Vol. II. (F-N.). (London: Macmillan, 25s.)

To all those who crave for entertainment—and doubtless they are many—we can heartily recommend “Marna’s Mutiny.” A happy spirit has inspired Mrs. Fraser’s story, which is at once bright and entertaining, from the moment when Marna arrives in Japan and attempts to convert her pleasure-loving father into “a good little boy out of Hans Andersen’s fairy tales,” to the hour in which she is united to a lover reckless enough to have the deck of his yacht emblazoned with her initials in pure gold! Improbable?—well, it was in Japan—and this fact must account for all the other improbabilities. To speak frankly, these are many; but Mrs. Fraser’s manner is so natural, and her turn of phrase so happy, that they are apt to be overlooked, and certain to be condoned by the reader who has been liberally entertained in the course of his reading. Of Japan proper there is not very much save an earthquake and a cyclone and the delightfully unconventional atmosphere necessary for the proper development of the story. An interesting side issue is supplied in the strange love-story of Betty Mowbray, and to the last the reader is left in uncertainty as to the marriage of Marna’s papa and the designing Mrs. Adair. The conversations are bright and clever, though an unmistakable Irish flavour, not satisfactorily accounted for, pervades them all.

To those among our readers who like some excitement in their literary fare, we can commend “The Strange Disappearance of Lady Delia,” by Mr. Louis Tracy. The Lady Delia’s disappearance is not very strange—once we know how it occurred; but that is what Mr. Tracy hides from us until the last chapter of the book. True, long before then we have our suspicions of Sir Charles; still, as we have said, he is not in the combined toils of Inspector Winter, of Scotland Yard, and of Mr. Reginald Brett, barrister and amateur detective, until the very end. At the same time, he has been prominent in the scene from the beginning. So far, Mr. Tracy shows himself a capable writer of the kind of work which he has essayed—the popular detective story. It is needless to say, however, that the popular detective story is not necessarily a great detective story; and “The Strange Disappearance of Lady Delia” is not that. Putting aside such high qualities as good writing, imagination, and special and profound knowledge of the classes from whom its characters are drawn, even in its construction (and it is more ingenious and careful than most of its kind) the story has evident flaws. Knowing what he does, Brett’s failure to follow up the antecedents of Mrs. Hillmer is fatal; and there are other faults in the making of the plot which reveal themselves at a second reading—the true test of a story of this kind. In such matters, however, the general reader is not any more acute, perhaps, than Scotland Yard as pictured by the amateur detective and his literary sponsor, and no doubt he will follow the investigations into the strange case of Lady Delia with breathless satisfaction to their close.

Mr. Bloundelle Burton’s new work, “The Year One,” as its title in a manner indicates, is a romance of the French Revolution. Its hero is George Hope, Lieutenant in H.M.’s Navy; its heroine, Lucienne, Marquise d’Aubray de Bricourt. Hope has attempted, unsuccessfully, to assist Lucienne to escape, not merely from a country where anarchy and bloodshed prevail, but also from a tyrannical and faithless husband. Captured off the coast of Brittany, they are carried to Rennes, and thence to Paris, where their arrival coincides with the early scenes of the Reign of Terror and the massacre of the Swiss Guard. Lucienne escapes, while George is sent to La Force, from which she helps him to escape during the horrors of the night of September 2. Beauty in distress, and particularly Beauty to relieve whose distress he goes near sacrificing his life, must necessarily rouse feelings warmer than pity in the breast of a young naval Lieutenant. Mr. Burton, at any rate, assumes so, and is content to make Hope and Lucienne lovers from their first meeting without inviting us to watch the various stages through which their passion grows. When, therefore, they escape from France (the tyrannical husband meantime having committed suicide to escape death by the guillotine) like all good heroes and heroines they marry, and live happily long after. That, in very brief outline, is the plot of a sound, solid story on good old-fashioned lines. The author indicates in a preface that he has made wide and careful study of the history of the Reign of Terror, in family papers as well as in the pages of French writers; and we can well believe it. As a love-story, or as a story of character, “The Year One” is not in any way notable. We do not sound the personalities of hero and heroine very deeply. But as a story of adventure it rises above the ordinary level in vivid description, movement, and, above all, in the care and knowledge bestowed upon its setting.

The infidel—at least, so we are led to infer by the perusal of Mr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones’s volume, “In Search of an Infidel”—is almost as extinct as the Dodo. A

painstaking quest, carried into the enemy’s accredited haunts, failed in its object. Mr. Jones, to adapt a well-known saying, went to preach and remained to marvel. These “Bits of Wayside Gospel,” as their author styles them, are remarkable chiefly for their breadth of view, and for the curious bits of out-of-the-way information which they contain. Mr. Jones, apparently, is not tied down to any particular creed or dogma, unless, indeed, he be a Universalist. For all that, these papers contain much that is suggestive, but they are fitter for the matured mind than for the inexperienced seeker after truth. Occasionally Mr. Jones pushes his parables too far, and his ingenuity outstrips his common-sense; yet, in the main, his sermons may be read with pleasure and not without profit.

Fascinating as “The Dictionary of National Biography” is in its first long progress from A to Z, there has been reserved for the supplementary volumes, of which two have just been given to the world, what may be styled a concentrated interest. Death has qualified for admission into these additional pages so many of the greater figures of the closing nineteenth century that the most vivid impression left on the reader’s mind is that of meeting again “the great Achilles whom we knew,” though all the characters, of course, cannot reach that heroic level. The catholicity, indeed, of the Dictionary is sufficiently vindicated by the fact that its subjects range from Gladstone to Cook (a work of personal conduct could not miss the latter), from John Bright to Lord Armstrong, and from Matthew Arnold to Mrs. Booth, of the Salvation Army, and Fred Archer. Among political biographies the most vital is undeniably that of Lord Randolph Churchill, giving as it does, by judicious quotation, the man’s extraordinary power of phrase—or should it be of nickname? Is the Dictionary correct, however, in giving Lord Randolph’s



THE FOUNDER OF “THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY,”
THE LATE MR. GEORGE SMITH.

Reproduced from the painting by G. F. Watts, R.A.; by permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co.

birthplace as Blenheim? There is a London tradition that it was 12, St. James’s Square. Literary biography finds its focus in the life of Browning, by Mr. Edmund Gosse, and here we trace an interesting link; for with Mr. George Smith, the founder of the Dictionary, Browning formed in 1868 what was to be a lifelong friendship, and the firm of Smith, Elder, became, as everyone knows, his publishers. Mr. Smith’s own biography, by ironical circumstance, appears in this Supplement; but the editor, Mr. Sidney Lee, has, from motives of consistency, printed it as a prefatory note, and not in the body of the work. Thereby hangs a tale. The chronological limit of the Supplement was to have been the close of the nineteenth century, but the death of Queen Victoria on Jan. 22, 1901, rendered some extension necessary in order to include the account of her late Majesty’s life, which will appear in the third supplementary volume, to be published on Oct. 25. Mr. Smith warmly supported the alteration, but he was not destined to see this further portion of his great undertaking completed. The date of his own death, April 6, 1901, would strictly have excluded his memoir; but by an appropriate compromise, the Dictionary has not been deprived of an account of the man to whom its existence is so largely due. Mr. Smith’s portrait by Watts forms a frontispiece to the first of the three new volumes.

With the annually increasing difficulty and expense of obtaining trout-fishing worthy of the name, the attractions of “Sea and Coast Fishing” nowadays obtain more recognition than formerly; and the author of this little book has done his share towards awakening summer visitors to the seaside to the opportunities offered them by boat, rock, and pier-head. With light tackle, such fish as bass and pollack afford genuine sport; with the coarse gear necessary for the large and heavy species, dogfish, sharks, and the formidable conger, the business

becomes one involving more of muscular strength and activity than the nice handling that constitutes the great fascination of angling. To those in whose eyes a heavy basket is the consummation of fishing, the hand-line or sea-rod may be confidently recommended, and Mr. Aflalo’s practical hints will be found exceedingly useful. The average seaside visitor, who goes fishing in default of other means of passing his holiday, is usually content to employ the tackle placed at his disposal by the boatman; and this, designed rather to withstand wear than to afford sport, is generally too coarse to give the best results. If Mr. Aflalo has not laid stress on this detail it is probably because the enthusiast does not entertain the idea of using any but the most carefully selected gear himself. The author’s style leaves something to be desired, but the frequent recurrence of the capital “I” must be excused in a book based so largely on personal experience.

“Tolstoy and His Problems” is a collection of essays by Mr. Aylmer Maude, who is well known in this country as an ardent disciple of the great Russian novelist and thinker. The book is perhaps a little too idolatrous in its admiration, Mr. Maude being prepared to accept almost everything Tolstoy says on the ground that “the master says it, therefore it is true.” Metaphysical truth may be one, but truth, as we know her on earth, is a spirit of many faces, and to no man, not even to a Tolstoy, is it given to see her forever as she is. Great men blunder by flying to extremes, and only in a final synthesis of their various and opposing views do we find the value of their teaching eliminated from its error. We should, therefore, accept the dogmatic utterance of no man, however great he may be, without a recollection of the truth that may lie in the opposite extreme. Tolstoy, for example, denies all greatness to “Romeo and Juliet.” It “infects” people wrongly. It is bad art. It makes no universal appeal. Why it is a great play, says Mr. Maude, “nobody can tell.” Can’t they, indeed? It is a great play because it is instinct with a marvellous beauty of language and imagination. The power to create that beauty and the power to appreciate that beauty are just as divine in origin as any, the most moral, maxim that ever occurred to the mind of Lyof Tolstoy. To ignore or depreciate that beauty is to fail to see the full divineness of the world. Yet that is just what Tolstoy does. His view of art, therefore, great as it is in some respects, is yet partial, illiberal, and mean. That a navy should fail to appreciate “Romeo and Juliet” (which Tolstoy and Mr. Maude construe into an objection!) goes to show not that “Romeo and Juliet” is wrong, but that the navy is. Count Tolstoy, then, while seizing the truth that a work of art should have mental and moral intention and a wide emotional appeal, loses the equally valid truth that, for its full effect and charm, it should be expressed in terms of a high imaginative beauty. Yet it never occurs to Mr. Maude to question the *ipse dixit* of his master.

The second volume of “A Dictionary of Architecture and Building” is not behind the first either in the general thoroughness of its articles or—if we except the case of India, none of the buildings of which are pictured at all—in the abundance and excellence of its illustrations. Among those blocks which have been specially prepared for this work we should like to have seen more drawings and fewer photographs, and we must again urge the need for cross references. It is tiresome to find in the too scanty note on Giotto, one of the three greatest architects the world has known, no reference to the illustrations of his works given elsewhere in the volume. There are good elevations and plans of his bell-tower on pages 5 and 6 to illustrate the paragraph on “Facing”; but the reader who turns to the heading “Giotto,” or “Giotto’s Campanile,” or “Architecture of Italy” is not informed of them. The present volume contains a thorough account (48 pages) of Italian architecture, and other long articles on that of France, Germany, and Greece. These are all good, and free from dogmatism or extravagant theory. We would also draw attention to Mr. R. A. Cram’s description of the architecture of Japan, which is a model of clear exposition, and again well-illustrated. Notwithstanding the statement in the preface that to many readers the hygienic departments are what is most important in modern building, we find the articles bearing on sanitation the least satisfactory in the book, and the one on “House Drainage” can hardly be regarded as a safe guide as regards dwellings in this country. The system advocated and illustrated under the title of “Simplicity” would transgress the code of byelaws of almost any local authority on this side of the herring-pond. A few subjects we should have been glad to see more adequately treated—for instance, the important one of “Mouldings,” where the mere definitions of “Brace,” “Cable,” “Bird’s Beak,” etc., might have been supplemented by some instances of effective combinations of mouldings and of the laws that should govern their correct disposition. We notice there is no explanation of the colouring of glass by “flashing,” and the account of “stained glass” is almost absurdly brief. Restrictions of space in a work of this nature are, however, inevitable, and, looking to the book as a whole, Mr. Russell Sturgis and his collaborators are to be congratulated on the thorough way in which they have performed their task. Charles Lamb would doubtless have included even this dictionary among “biblia biblia”; but if the third volume does not fall below the standard of the first two, it will be a well-thumbed member of the architect’s library, and should not be long in reaching that shore of improved second editions where critics cease to cavil and editors may rest.

THE EXILED FRENCH MONASTIC ORDERS: SCENES IN A BENEDICTINE CLOISTER.



A BENEDICTINE IN HIS CELL.



IN THE REFECTORY.

"To be a Benedictine," says J. K. Huysmans (himself not lacking in personal experience of the order), "one must be a saint, a student, and an artist." Many peaceful French communities, where piety, learning, and the fine arts are unostentatiously cultivated, will this month be broken up by the operation of the Associations Act, and some of the brethren, as we have already noted, will find refuge in the Isle of Wight. There they will pursue their way of life, fulfilling their "reule of Seynt Beneyt," as Chaucer calls it, in all points as they did in the land from which they are now exiled. The Benedictines of to-day would seem, from the glimpses which we are permitted to catch of their cloistral seclusion, to be more assiduous in following the steps of their founder than was usual in Chaucer's days, when he sang—

The reule of Seynt Maure
or of Seint Beneyt,
Bycause that it was old
and somdel streyt,
This ilke monk leet olde
thinges pace
And held after tle newe
world the space.

The modern Benedictines' quest of the "new world" lies chiefly in the region of knowledge, but they seek also the revival of an old world in the practice of Gregorian plain-song, for the study of which they have established a college at one of their abbeys.

The Benedictines' daily life is almost in every particular similar to that described by Montalembert in his exposition of the rule of the order. At four in the morning they are found in the choir chanting

performed by the Superior. A "Benedicite" is chanted then all take their places in silence, which, during the meal, is unbroken save by the voice of the Reader, who recites passages partly in French, partly in Latin. The

table is waited by the monks in turn, and the Father who in our illustration is represented as thus actively practising the monastic virtue of "Humilitas" is in reality a prominent writer on Church history. After the meal the monks chant the "Miserere" as they proceed again to the chapel for the service known in France as "Les grâces." The intervals between the services are devoted to work of various kinds. The community at whose monastery our pictures were taken are chiefly engaged in printing, thus following, after a "new worldly" fashion, the example of those ancient monastic copyists whose labours in the scriptorium kept the lamp of literature and learning alive in the Dark Ages. One hour of the day is devoted to recreation, which is found for the most part in conversation and in gentle exercise



A MEETING OF THE CHAPTER.

matins, and the seven services in the twenty-four hours are still observed. At eleven o'clock they take *déjeuner* in the refectory, and if there are any guests, the ancient ceremony of washing their hands is

in the convent garden. Then only is the rule of silence relaxed. Questions affecting the general welfare of the society are discussed in full chapter under the presidency of the Prior.



A SERVICE IN THE CHOIR.



A CORNER OF THE LIBRARY.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

It is a familiar fact of science that many actions in animals which we are apt to suppose are directly concerned with the brain as their source of governance are really performed independently of the brain altogether. Thus, if a frog be decapitated, when thus practically killed, and when the life of the tissues in the cold-blooded animal still persists for a time, it will wipe off a drop of acid placed on one side of the body with the hind foot of that side. In will also put itself very much about to effect this object if the drop of acid is placed in a position not readily reached by the foot.

One is reminded of these familiar facts by the perusal of an interesting paper on "instinct" by Dr. W. Benthall. The term "instinct" many persons find hard of explanation. Animals (and plants also, for that matter) do certain things in a fashion which suggests that they have not so much learned to perform the actions in question as that they have inherited the capacity of doing them. This we call "instinct." When, on the other hand, an action is performed as the result of a conscious impulse towards its execution, we term the operation one of "reason." Divested of metaphysical subtleties, one might hold that when we understand why we do anything, and do it in obedience to our understanding, the action denotes "reason." When, contrarywise, the operation is executed without the apparent or necessary intervention of this understanding, it is termed "instinct." This is, I think, a fair statement of the case. It is on this account that the main run of acts of lower life, being believed to be dictated, not by reason or knowledge, but simply by the perpetuated exigencies of existence—often reflected in "habits" of marked kind—are referred to "instinct" simply and entirely.

The young bee, liberated from its chrysalis state, at once enters upon the performance of all its duties in the hive, including the making of the cells, and discharges its work as perfectly as did its predecessors. Here, then, can be no question of knowledge, reason, or training; but what we do see exhibited is that "instinct" which is the outcome of perpetuated like habits, transmitted from countless generations of bees in the past to the insects of to-day. When a lad is put to learn a trade, and at first handles his tools awkwardly, we are dealing with something different from the case of a bee. He has to learn how to execute his work, and only after a given term of experience and practice will he attain to perfection in its performance. So far, all is clear sailing enough. But there are points and resemblances to be noted between "reason" and "instinct" which must not escape the notice of the observer. It is a common fact of existence that actions which were at first intellectual in their nature and of conscious origin, in due season and from repetition become automatic and instinctive in character.

We require to "learn" to read and to write, for example, but these acts soon become as perfectly automatic as do the actions of the bee. The boy who at first has to confine all his attention to the manner of using his tools, soon employs them in a fashion which betokens that he has conquered the initial difficulties of his trade. His acts, like those of reading and writing, have become essentially of instinctive nature. In this way, we begin to see that the real basis of our actions is perpetuated habit. Over and above this state we find in man, and probably also in a good number of his fellow-animals, the intervention of those higher powers which we term in one word, "consciousness," the highest attribute of mind. But it is very evident everything begins with instinct, and many of our daily acts are performed not by us, but for us, through the brain's habit of automatic action. When our eyelids close suddenly as the result of someone passing his hand rapidly before our face, that act is just as instinctive as is the behaviour of the decapitated frog. When, on the other hand, we come face to face with a problem which demands all our mental resources for its solution, we bring into play the peculiar faculties which mark the reasoning man.

The procedure of closing our eyes when someone threatens a blow, and that of the headless frog, are examples of "reflex action." That is to say, a stimulus received by, say, a sense organ, is transmitted to some nerve centre or other, and is "reflected" therefrom somewhere else, producing the desired result. If I cross the street rapidly because I hear a cab driving up at a furious pace behind me, it is because the impression made on my ears is "reflected" from the brain to the muscles of my legs, carrying me out of the reach of danger. We can see how repeated "reflex actions" become in this way what we term "instinctive" ones; and in the case of lower life there can be little doubt that when "reflexes" useful to the race have been acquired, they become, as "instincts," part and parcel of the habit and constitution of the animals which exhibit them. True, as time passes, modifications set in, and habits may be altered and varied; but in reality it is the same process of evolution, and the fixing of the habits that are advantageous to the race, that make for success in the battle of existence.

One word more. If Weismann be right that acquired habits cannot be transmitted to offspring, how, may one ask, can all this handed-on neurology, if so I may term it, be accounted for? I confess I fail to understand how, on any other view than that the acquirements life boasts of to-day may be perpetuated in the to-morrows of existence, we can explain the whole fabric of inheritance. As Dr. Benthall puts it in his paper, it is all the effect of drill, of practice, in the forgotten past. This at least is a simpler view than that which regards our evolution as due to minute and fortuitous variations, the origin of which nobody can explain.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

E J SHARPE, Sorrento, F CLARKE, W A LILICO, H A DONOVAN, AND MANY OTHERS.—We have much pleasure in conveying your appreciation of No. 2996 to its composer.

R STEPHENS (Kensington).—You must get practice; books only help you when combined with actual play. Join a good club.

J W B (Sheffield).—Thanks for your letter.

E TEWSON (Norwich).—The date is so far back that it is difficult now to refer to the problem. We will, however, try to hunt it up for you.

WATERLOO.—We do not care to say. We have our favourites, and you name three of them; let that suffice.

ARTHUR JOHNSON (Canonbury).—The address is 7, Grocers' Hall Court, E.C.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2983 received from Fred Long (Santiago); of No. 2988 from Camillo de Carvalho (Rio de Janeiro); of No. 2990 from Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon) and Camillo de Carvalho; of No. 2991 from M Shaida Ali Khan (Rampur) and Richard Burke; of No. 2993 from F R Pickering and F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells); of No. 2994 from C E H (Clifton), A G Bagot (Dublin), Cedric and Leonard Owen (Russia), J Muxworthy (Hook), J Bailey (Newark), Albert Wolff (Putney), and E W Brook (Saxmundham); of No. 2995 from J Muxworthy, H Le Jeune, J Bailey, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), E W Brook, Marco Salem (Bologna), P E Debenham (Douglas, Isle of Man), Albert Wolff (Putney), and G Lill (Gringley-on-Hill).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2996 received from W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), J W (Campsie), J R W (Canterbury), H S Brandreth (Hamburg), Hereward, J A S Hanbury (Mosely), Alpha, Clement C Danby, Frank Clarke (Bingham), Reginald Gordon, Edward J Sharpe, Martin F, Edith Corser (Reigate), W A Lillico (Edinburgh), F Dalby, C E Perugini, H Le Jeune, Albert Wolff, Henry A Donovan (Listowel), J D Tucker (Ilkley), G Stillingleet Johnson (Seaford), F J S (Hampstead), L Penfold, E J Winter Wood, Charles Burnett, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Victor Rush, Sorrento, J Muxworthy (Hook), and R Worters (Canterbury).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2995.—BY HENRY WHITTEN.

WHITE.

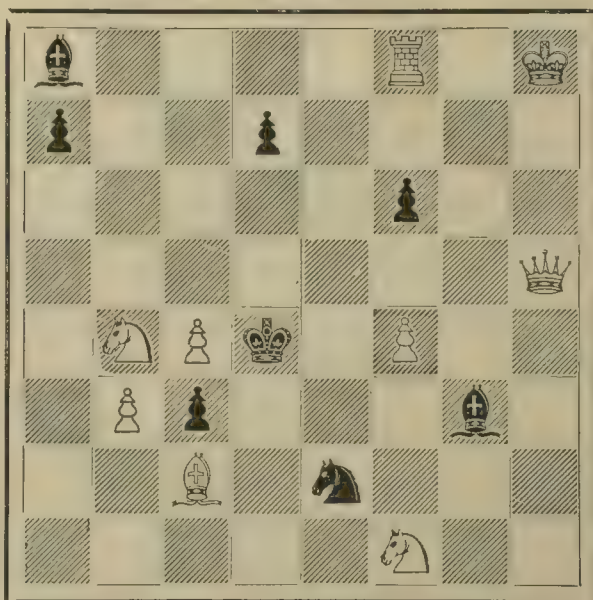
1. B to B 3rd
2. B to Kt 4th
3. Q Mates.

BLACK.

- P to R 6th
- K moves

PROBLEM No. 2998.—BY FREDERICK THOMPSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Mr. Frederick Thompson, of Derby, is just celebrating his jubilee as a problem-composer. His name was well known to an older generation, and he was a regular contributor to this column at a very early stage in its history. He also edited a column in a Derby newspaper for seven or eight years, and the vigorous way in which he carried it out attracted much attention in chess circles. He belongs to the older school of composers, to whom difficulty rather than perfection of construction was everything, and he claims to have set up a problem in five moves which defied the skill of every solver. We publish above his latest composition, which is separated by an interval of fifty years from his first published effort.

CHESS IN BRIGHTON.

Game played between Mr. F. N. BRAUND and another AMATEUR.

(King's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Amateur)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Amateur)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	13. P to Kt 5th	P takes P
2. P to K B 4th	B to B 4th	14. B takes Kt P	P to Q 4th
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	15. B to Kt 5th	Kt to Q 5th
4. B to B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd		
5. P to Q 3rd	B to K Kt 5th		
This move, with the consequent exchange for the King's Knight, is by no means a good variation for Black. Kt to Kt 5th is threatening, but not much comes of it with proper play on White's part.			
6. P to K R 3rd	B takes Kt	16. P takes Kt	Q to Kt 5th (ch)
7. Q takes B	Kt to B 3rd	17. Kt to Q 2nd	Kt takes B
8. P to B 3rd	Q to K 2nd	18. P takes K P	P takes P
9. P to B 5th	Castles K R	19. Q to Kt 3rd	Kt to R 4th
10. P to Q Kt 4th		20. Q to Kt 4th	Q takes K P
		21. R to R 4th	P tks P (dis. ch)
		22. Kt to K 4th	Q to Q Kt 4th
		23. Kt to B 6th (ch)	K to R sq
		24. Q takes Kt	Q R to K sq (ch)
		25. R to K 4th	Q to Kt 5th (ch)
		26. B to Q 2nd	R takes R (ch)
		27. Kt takes R	Q takes Kt (ch)
		28. K to B sq	Q to Q 5th
		29. Q to B 3rd	Q to R 8th (ch)
			Black wins.

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Game played between Messrs. C. S. HOWELL and W. E. NAPIER.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. N.)	WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. N.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th	22. P to Kt 5th	Kt to Q sq
2. P to Q B 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd	23. B to Kt 4th	Q to Q 2nd
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	24. P to Q R 4th	P to Q Kt 3rd
4. P takes P	P to Q 3rd	25. Kt to B 2nd	P to Q R 3rd
5. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to Kt 2nd		
6. B to K 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd		
The game well illustrates the Sicilian Defence, which lately seems to have regained some of its lost prestige.			
7. P to K R 3rd	Q to R 4th	26. B to Q 6th	P takes P
8. B to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	27. R takes Kt	R takes B
9. K Kt to K 2nd	Castles	28. R takes R	Q takes R
10. Castles	Kt to K sq	29. R to Q B sq	Q to Q 2nd
11. P to R 3rd	P to K 3rd	30. P takes P	R to R 4th
12. P to Q Kt 4th	Q to K sq	31. R to Kt sq	B to B sq
13. R to Q B sq	Q to K 2nd	32. Kt to Kt 4th	B to K 2nd
14. B to Kt sq	Kt to Q sq	33. Kt to K 3rd	Kt to Kt 2nd
15. Q to Q 2nd	B to Q 2nd	34. P to Kt 4th	R to R 6th
16. P to K B 4th		35. R to Kt 3rd	R takes R
White should have here forced the exchange of Bishops by B to R 6th.			
16. Kt to B 2nd	B to Kt 4th	36. Q takes R	Kt to R 4th
17. Kt to Q sq		37. Q to Q 3rd	Kt to B 5th
18. B to Q 3rd		38. Kt to B 3rd	Kt takes Kt
		39. Q takes Kt	B to Kt 5th
		40. Kt to R 2nd	B to K 2nd
		41. Q to Q Kt 3rd	Q to R 2nd
		42. K to B 2nd	Q to R 4th
		43. K to K 2nd	B to R 5th
		44. Kt to B 3rd	Q to R 8th (ch)
		45. Q to B 2nd	Q to Kt 6th (ch)
		46. K to Q 3rd	Q takes P (ch)
		47. K to Q 2nd	Q to B 8th (ch)
		48. K to Q sq	Black wins.

THE FASHIONABLE PHEASANT.

From the sportsman's calendar one could write an interesting chapter of our social history. Its red-letter dates mark the movements of Fashion, and explain many of its most elaborate functions. August 12, to take an obvious case, is at once signal and excuse for the great exodus to the North, with the thumping cheque to the agent, the terrors of a London terminus, the surprises of the new shooting-lodge, and all the other concomitants, humorous and vexatious, of the pleasures of grouse-shooting. September 1, again, "The First," redolent of partridge, finds Vanity Fair closed, its votaries off in search of country joys, and, according to some sentimental scribes, still finding them in a life of pastoral simplicity and almost patriarchal beneficence. The scribes are wrong, of course, but they echo the ideal at least of an earlier day, and for the purpose we have suggested past ideals are as useful as present practice. The changes that have come over our sports, no less than their most modern conditions, have a social import. The evolution of the country gentleman of this moment is a subject that carries us further afield than the stubbles, though it is not unconnected with partridges. Grouse-shooting and grouse-shooters are not what they were sixty years ago, and if we would find a full explanation of that fact we must wander far beyond the heather. In a word, there is no lack of material for a chapter of social history based upon the calendar of sport; and one considerable section of it would treat of the fashionable pheasant.

Though the 1st of October is the legal opening-day for shooting pheasants, they are really November birds. It is then, and later, that the great house-parties assemble. This was not always so. Up to the second quarter of last century, it was no unusual thing for Parliament to be called together in November; and a decade or two earlier that was the usual practice. In these days the House of Commons was composed largely of the Squires. Mr. T. E. Kebbel, in his interesting studies of "English Country Life," suggests that the disappearance of the Autumn Session may have had some connection with the increasing vogue of fox-hunting, which set in when the French Revolution stopped the close intercourse between London and Paris. Previous to that, he says, shooting rather than hunting was the favourite sport of the upper classes. Previous to that, therefore, the pheasants must have been shot in October, before the return to London for the autumn season. And so they might very well be.

The change, as far as concerns the sport at any rate, has not come about without much criticism, not to say abuse. Turning over at this moment the file of a sporting paper of twenty-five years ago, we find laments over the extinct sport of pheasant-shooting. The writer sighs regretfully for the older and better way (his way!), when two guns, with a brace or two of well-trained Clumbers, were content to roam the woods and pick up their fifteen or twenty brace "of something wilder than barn-door fowls." And so on and so on, with derision of the "battue" and "noble butchers." There we have the heavy artillery which its critics still bring to bear upon the modern mode of the shoot. The writer we have quoted, it may be remarked, is mainly bent on taking sides with the hounds against the birds, and friction between the fox-hunter and the preserver is not yet allayed, from all accounts. As between the old methods and the new, there are the pleasures of finding the game and there are the pleasures of marksmanship. *Chacun à son goût.* To-day, however, pheasant-shooting is chiefly attacked in the interests, not of a rival sport or mode, but of humaneness. It is the big bags that the sentimentalists are "greatly down upon"—not altogether a logical attitude. To support them in their attack upon what they, of course, call the "battue," they have stolen the thunder of the older sportsmen, long since discarded by such. So we still hear of "butchery" and "barn-door fowls." Every one who knows anything of the subject knows that hand-reared pheasants are not as domesticated as poultry at any time, and that at the moment at which they are shot by the guns they may be, and probably are, going at a tremendous pace; whereas the pheasant shot under the older conditions offered, as often as not, a wonderfully easy mark. If the humanitarians wish a sporting argument against modern pheasant-shootings, they ought to look for it not in the easiness of the sport, but in its difficulty. There may have been abuses of the method, but it is by its highest development that it ought to be judged. Now it is the aim in the well-managed shoot to present the guns with plenty of birds, but under such conditions that their skill is tried to the utmost. The refining process, so remarkably at work in all other field sports, goes on here also. Thus successful practice becomes increasingly a specialised expertness, and there is a point at which specialised expertness is a danger to any sport.

This bird of fashion is a naturalised citizen of these islands. It may have been introduced into England by the Romans; it presumably was before the Norman invasion, for *unus phasianus* occurs in a manuscript bill-of-fare in the time of Harold. The party consisted of six or seven people, so it would seem that the *phasianus* was a rarebit. There is evidence that pheasants were wild in the woods a hundred years later, and from then onwards there is frequent mention of them in the game laws. The bird occurred at an early date in Ireland and Scotland, although we have seen the statement that it first appeared beyond the Grampians about 1825. Now, at any rate, it is to be found everywhere, even in Ultima Thule; and, moreover, it comes cheaply to the table. For this we have to thank the game-preserver and the sportsman, as the apologists of the big shoots do not weary of reminding us. Upon the argument from cheap food-supply we do not lay very great stress. Still, it counts. The other argument—that from the protection of the bird—is certainly valid. For it is true, though paradoxical, that if so many pheasants were not killed, there would be none at all to kill. And as a recent writer has said, whether the bag is twenty brace or a hundred, the pheasants, if consulted, would affirm "Tis better to be hatched and shot than never to be hatched at all."



THE PHEASANT-SHOOTING SEASON: THE SHELTERED END OF THE WOOD.

DRAWN BY HENRY STANNARD.

LADIES' PAGE.

Among other disappointments attendant upon the visit of the Russian Court to France, one that women will feel not to be trifling is that of the ladies of the French Republic's official circle, who had to lay aside many of the beautiful gowns that they had had specially prepared for the occasion, and to substitute others that might pass for complimentary mourning for the late President of the United States. But as the use of white was held to be permitted in this connection, most of the dresses worn were of that colour. Nothing can be more becoming, as a rule, so that whatever may have been the sorrow for splendours that had been prepared and could not be displayed, the result need not altogether demand our sympathy. The Czaritsa herself almost always wears white, but she is at present in mourning, and wears the orthodox black for both her grandmother of England and her aunt, the Empress Frederick. White is now recognised to be as becoming to elderly women as to younger

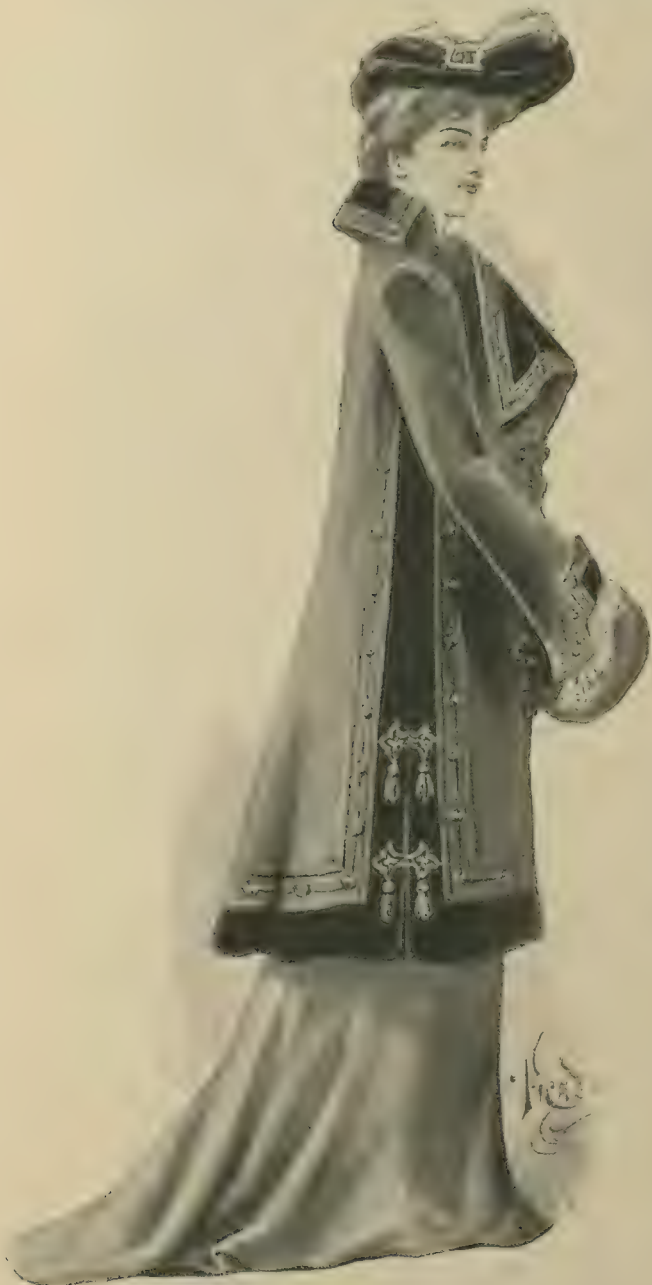
It is to be placed at Homburg, near the beautiful home that she built for herself, and that she has bequeathed to one of her daughters.

Green Indian corn is now, I find, to be bought not only in Covent Garden and the larger London shops, but in a great many country towns. There is a double reason why it is desirable that it should be made known as quickly as possible to our housewives, for it is not only a new dish, and one coming at the very season when our supply of fresh vegetables is becoming slack and their sweetness is nearly past, but further, I am told, the corn grows well in Essex, and it will be a very welcome resource to the farmers of that somewhat distressful county if it should be adopted as a general article of diet. I make no apology, therefore, for returning to the topic in order to mention that the simple boiling of the cob and serving it with plain oiled butter, to be nibbled off at table squirrel-fashion, is by no means the only way of cooking green corn used in America. That eating direct from the cob is, in fact, not an altogether elegant proceeding, and may be regarded as suitable only for the family table and the select home circle. In that case, you can make concessions to elegance by having the grains stripped, after boiling, from the cobs with a sharp knife, and reheated in a stewpan in a little drop of milk, with a bit of butter stirred in. Or you can serve the corn as fritters, which are particularly good with roast mutton, and are made as follows: Prepare the batter with two eggs beaten up with three tablespoonfuls of flour, a sufficiency of milk to make a thick batter, and a little pepper and salt. Scrape the corn, already boiled sufficiently, off the cobs and thoroughly mix it in the batter; have hot lard or clarified dripping ready in a frying-pan, and drop the fritter mixture in tablespoonful by tablespoonful. If there is not enough fat to cover, the fritters will need turning. They must then be well drained, keeping very hot, sprinkled with salt, and dished on a napkin. The corn can further be served with roast beef in the form of a sort of Yorkshire pudding—that is to say, the grains scraped from the cobs can be stirred in a little batter made of eggs and milk and flour, and baked in the dripping-pan, or in a separate pan well greased with drippings from the sirloin.

Frenchwomen generally take more or less eagerly to tartans for autumn wear: not to make entire costumes—that would be too trying—but a moderate degree of admixture of plaid fabrics with plain ones comes out very smartly if managed with good taste. It is not necessary to select one of the real clan tartans, which for the most part show a somewhat primitive level of artistic taste on the part of their ancient designers; some of them, nevertheless, are very good combinations, such as the Macdonald. But as we may encounter an irate member of the clan, who may demand to know on what ground we have on his special tartan, to which we should be able only to reply meekly that it is ours because we have bought the stuff—to avoid such *contretemps* it is as well to select one of the many modern fancy plaids, if our taste leads us to this decoration. An example of how the French dressmakers use it is the following: The ground was a dark grey, and a large plaid pattern was marked out upon it by lines of gold crossed with lines of green. The skirt was a "three-decker" behind, and there was wholly made of this plaid; the front breadth was a zibeline in a grey somewhat lighter in tone than the ground of the plaid, and a strip of grey-blue velvet on which were set at intervals tiny gold buttons in groups of threes divided this front panel from the triple flounces of the back. The coat had an amazon basque behind, and a short bolero front, of the plain material, with revers faced with the plaid, opening over a vest of white cloth sparingly embroidered with gold, and fastened straight down the front with little gold buttons, a full jabot of lace finishing it at the throat. This was a somewhat unusual degree of the plaid admixture. In a second model that I saw fresh from Paris, the plaid was used as strappings on a zibeline cloth, green being the prevailing tone of the tartan and the colour of the gown as a whole. One of the new long basqued coats that I have previously described, cut sloping from the waist in front,

and very long at the back, was of green zibeline, with the corselet belt, the skirt, and a overhanging, loose-edged trimming round the coat, all made of a delicate-tinted brown and gold plaid in a thin woollen; cuffs, large outside pockets, and revers-facings were of the same plaid; and the puffed vest up to the throat was of green velvet. Sleeves are nearly always fancifully cut up for indoor dresses, but for tailor-gowns chiefly used for promenades a deep ornamented cuff turned back is more used.

Buttons must be expected to have considerable importance this autumn, judging by the number and variety in size and style of them that have been produced. A novelty—but, like most such, really a revival of an old fashion—is velvet-covered buttons. These I saw employed on a bolero of black cloth, which was turned back at the top with revers covered with black lace and edged with black velvet ribbon; this ribbon then passed along the edges of the bolero all round, and was apparently fixed on just under the revers on each side, and again at the point of the bolero, with big velvet



A FASHIONABLE COAT IN CLOTH AND VELVET.

complexions. The late Duchess of Cleveland was one of the people who gave demonstration of this becomingness of white. Her last Court dress, worn when she was eighty-two, was of white satin and lace with a little heliotrope trimming, and train of purple velvet lined with white. The Duchess of Devonshire is another of the great ladies to patronise white, and prove its suitability for the present-day grandmother's wear. How much to our advantage women's appearance has been modified since those old days when "grandmotherly" meant all that was heavy, stuffy, and plain!

A woman who has not suffered from ill-health, and who is not worn down with care and toil, is, in some instances, at her best about forty. Of course the fresh colour and unlined plumpness of the youthful face must be lost, but the "physiognomy," the expression, the individuality of the countenance sometimes replaces those vanished charms to advantage. One who was insignificant as a girl may have more to please the eye, as well as the mind, in her face in middle life than in youth. The question arises, in the cases in which some permanent memorial is to be placed to a person who has died at an advanced age, what period of the life shall be chosen to perpetuate in the marble. Queen Victoria settled this for herself as far as regards her monumental effigy. It was executed by her own orders soon after her widowhood, and kept ready to be placed on her tomb when the fated time should come. Accordingly, as her sculptured image now lies beside that of her husband, they appear as of one age—both in the prime of their years—and this is surely far more congruous and graceful than if her effigy had been carved to resemble her at the age at which she passed away—double the years that the Prince Consort attained. In like manner, I learn that the German Emperor has decided that the monument to be erected to the memory of his mother shall represent her at her best—that is, as she was in the early 'eighties of the last century, when she was aged about forty. It is to be a bust of white marble on a granite pedestal, the latter decorated with a wreath of roses and palms in bronze.



A THREE-QUARTER COAT TRIMMED WITH STEEL BRAID.

buttons embroidered with gold thread. The bell-sleeve was similarly trimmed with black ribbon-velvet, apparently fixed on with big gold-embroidered velvet buttons. In another case I noticed green velvet buttons used on a tea-jacket of a darker tone of the same colour and material; three of these trimming each side and seeming to hold the coat-edge against the pleated front of reseda satin draped with lace.

Though dressmakers are saying that the Empire style is to carry all before it this winter for evening gowns, if not also for walking ones (which last I do not credit, and will not till I see it), the stage, that *avant-courier* of fashion, has not by any means given itself over to the loose, long style of evening garb known as Empire. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, for her revival of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," has a lovely white-and-silver evening gown. The skirt is of gauze adorned with huge painted roses, and over it behind, to the very tip of the train, fall two sweeping ends of silver-tissue, that start in the fashion of Watteau from between the shoulders. Her cloak in the same scene is lovely; it is of lace laid over orange-coloured chiffon and satin. Wreaths of cretonne decoupée are scattered on it, silver sequins are worked over it, and the deep cape-collar is embroidered with silver and edged with sable. Her breakfast-gown in the next scene is of pale blue soft silk, trimmed with three deep accordion-pleated ruches rising higher at the back than the front; a loose lace jacket forms the bodice.

Our Artist has again chosen for illustration the loose three-quarter coats that are the newest fashion. Very *chic* is that sac in dark cloth trimmed with row upon row of steel braid, and turned out at the front with black velvet. The hat is of cloth and fancy braid, trimmed with black wings. The other coat is in cloth with velvet straps laid down the sides and collar and revers to match, and a design in tinsel braid between the double strappings. The hat is one of those flat ones that fashion is now so attracted towards; it is trimmed with embroidered silk held in place by a handsome buckle. FILOMENA.



A PRESENTATION CHAIN.

An interesting presentation to Mr. Horace Brooks Marshall was made recently by Sir Edward Lawson, Bart., at St. Bride's Institute, Bride Lane, E.C. The present took the form of a very handsome 18-carat gold chain of office with badge. The chain is built up with a succession of quatrefoil and curb links, with shields at intervals, on which are enamelled in proper colours the arms of Dulwich College, Bethlehem Hospital, the Spectacle Makers' Company, and the Loriners' Company. Suspended from the chain is a link (with the recipient's monogram, "H. B. M.," carved in relief) on which hangs the badge, a very handsome ornament beautifully decorated with coloured enamelled work. This fine example of goldsmith's art-work was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., of 112, Regent Street, London, W.

NATURE'S CHOICEST NUTRIENT.**NEGATIVE EVIDENCE OF POSITIVE QUALITY*****A Page of Negations, with One Affirmative.*****MAZAWATTEE LATARIBA COCOA**

IS NOT EQUALLED IN QUALITY BY ANY OTHER COCOA WHATSOEVER.

Because

IT IS NOT composed, as ordinary cocoas are, partly of the shell of the cocoa bean. Shell is not cocoa any more than husk is corn, or oyster-shells oysters, and to offer ground-up shell to cocoa drinkers is an insult to their palate and an injury to their digestion.

IT IS NOT as ordinary cocoas are composed partly of arrowroot, sago or farina, which no amount of treatment or grinding-up can convert into cocoa. Such commodities are cheaper than cocoa, but to pass them off upon the public as cocoa is a fraud.

IT IS NOT as ordinary cocoas are, treated with the addition of colouring matter, vegetable or mineral, as well as the ground cocoa shell, in quantities varying from twenty to forty per cent.

IT IS NOT necessary to resort to oxide of iron, venetian red, or other impure colouring substances in the production of MAZAWATTEE LATARIBA COCOA; it is so full of natural strength and richness that it does its own colouring a thousand times more effectively than can be done by artificial means of any kind.

IT IS NOT as so many ordinary cocoas are, a tinned concoction with a label to it, with almost as much adulterant as cocoa in it, and such cocoa as it does contain of the very poorest quality. No, it is not that, or anything akin to that; it is just what is claimed for it—pure cocoa of the finest growth, and nothing else.

Because

IT IS NOT an ordinary cocoa but an extraordinary cocoa, wholly composed of the picked growths of the finest cocoa plantations of Central America where the best cocoa is grown, and from plantation to packing is safeguarded from contamination or adulteration of every sort.

IT IS NOT as ordinary cocoas are of inferior quality. Even some of the cocoas which are advertised as pure are poor, inasmuch as they are made from cheap beans imported from regions in which it is impossible, for climatic reasons, to grow cacao beans of high quality.

IT IS NOT dearer than ordinary cocoas, although so infinitely superior in quality, for the reason that the equipment for its handling from first to last is more effective than has ever before been realized.

IT IS NOT like ordinary cocoas, charged with an excess of fatty matter. That has been carefully eliminated, nothing being left but cocoa in its purest and most digestible form, with all its nutritive qualities preserved.

IT IS NOT like any other cocoa that could be named—only itself can be its parallel.

THE AFFIRMATIVE

IS
THE SIMPLE FACT
THAT

**MAZAWATTEE
LATARIBA COCOA**

IS MADE SOLELY AND WHOLLY
FROM THE BEST COCOA BEANS
THE WORLD PRODUCES; THAT
IT IS ABSOLUTELY UNDEFILED
BY ADULTERANTS OF ANY KIND;
AND THAT IN THE PROCESSES OF
PREPARATION IT RECEIVES THE
MOST REFINED TREATMENT EVER
ACCORDED TO COCOA, AND IS

THEREFORE

***Positively the Highest Quality
Attainable.***

IT IS NOT touched by the human hand at any single stage of its progress, after being gathered in the plantation to completing its course through the great MAZAWATTEE factories.

PERFECTION IS TOUCHED AT ALL POINTS BY

MAZAWATTEE LATARIBA COCOA.

A NEW COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISE.

Tuesday, Oct. 1, marked an important epoch in the history of the Mazawattee Tea Company. On that day the company opened at New Cross a very extensive factory, covering many acres of ground, where the manufacture of cocoa will be carried on. Mr. J. Lane Densham, the chairman, has recently told an interviewer that, although the company's cocoa-works have only just been opened, the idea of adding a cocoa-industry to its other enterprise is by no means new. It had, in fact, been decided on for a considerable time, and Mr. Densham and his colleagues in the conduct of the Mazawattee Tea Company have for some years been engaged in acquiring the necessary machinery, and in studying the most approved methods for the production of cocoa. That there is room for such an enterprise Mr. Densham has no doubt, for the great cocoa-manufacturing firms have for some time past been unable to cope with the ever-increasing demand, and foreign manufacturers have consequently reaped a considerable advantage. Thus



MR. J. LANE DENSHAM.

it will be seen that the movement of the company is in the direction of supporting home industries. The company, indeed, are confident that it is to supply rather than to create a demand that they have embarked on this undertaking. The brand of cocoa which they will produce is to be known as the Mazawattee Latariba Cocoa, and its manufacturers claim certain unrivalled qualities. In particular they are to see to it that the shell of the cocoa bean is not used in the preparation, for they contend that shell is not cocoa, any more than the husk is corn or the oyster-shell the oyster, and to offer cocoa-shell to cocoa-drinkers they consider at once an insult to the palate and an injury to the digestion. In a word, the cocoa will be made from the best beans the world produces, it is to be absolutely free from adulteration, and the preparation will be the most refined that modern skill can procure. From first to last the cocoa is not to be touched by the human hand at any stage in its manufacture. Mr. J. Lane Densham, the chief of the Mazawattee Company, has seen some

memorable developments in the tea-trade. Sixteen years ago his father, himself, and his three brothers carried on a successful old-fashioned wholesale tea-business. They worked hard, treated their customers well, and made headway. About the time in question it became evident that less

was they who first gave to the public a really fine tea made up in a packet which was delivered to the consumer by the retail trader exactly as the wholesale house had turned it out. Mr. Densham's company, it will be remembered, made a considerable furore in commercial



Photo. Speck, Kiel.

THE ROYAL YACHT "OSBORNE," WITH KING EDWARD ON BOARD, RETURNING FROM COPENHAGEN, PASSING THROUGH THE KIEL CANAL.

The Royal Yacht is passing under the High Bridge (Levenshause).

dependence was to be placed on the fine growths of China teas than had formerly been the case, and that Ceylon promised to become the choice tea-growing country of the world. Accordingly Messrs. Densham threw in their lot with Ceylon, and they may certainly take the credit of having been the pioneers of that particular trade. It

circles some years ago by the signature of the huge cheque for £85,262 8s. 8d., the largest sum of money ever paid in one amount for tea-duty, and covering the revenue charges on 2300 tons of tea. Mr. Densham, who is one of the busiest of men, is in private life a keen sportsman. His favourite pastime is angling.

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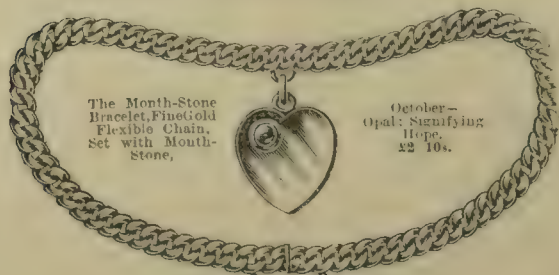


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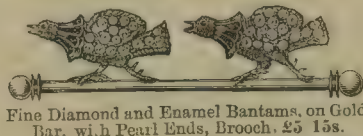
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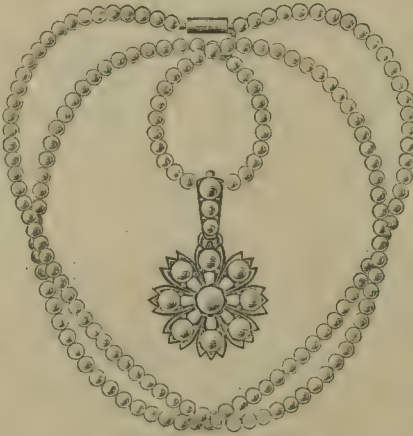
Fine Pearl Daisy Turquoise Set Scrolls Brooch, £2 5s.



Fine Gold and Enamel Shamrock, Pearl Centre, 21s.



Fine Diamond and Enamel Bantams, on Gold Bar, with Pearl Ends, Brooch, £5 15s.



Fine Pearl Necklet, with Pearl Daisy Pendant, £5.

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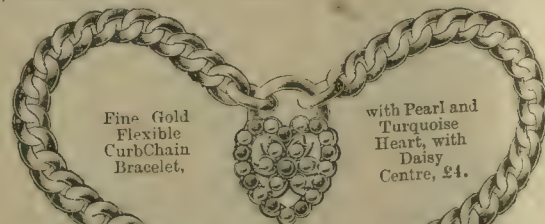
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recent communications, has fully inspected the train provided for him, and has expressed the liveliest interest in and satisfaction with the arrangements. In order to ensure the safety of the Royal Highnesses, most elaborate precautions have been taken. The royal train will be preceded by the Governor-General's train half an

of the Duke from the Pacific coast. The same train will bear their Royal Highnesses as far as Toronto, where the service will be taken up by the Grand Trunk Railway Company, which has also provided a magnificent suite of carriages for the accommodation of the party. This company will carry the Duke and Duchess



A CORNER OF THE DUCHESS'S BOUDOIR.



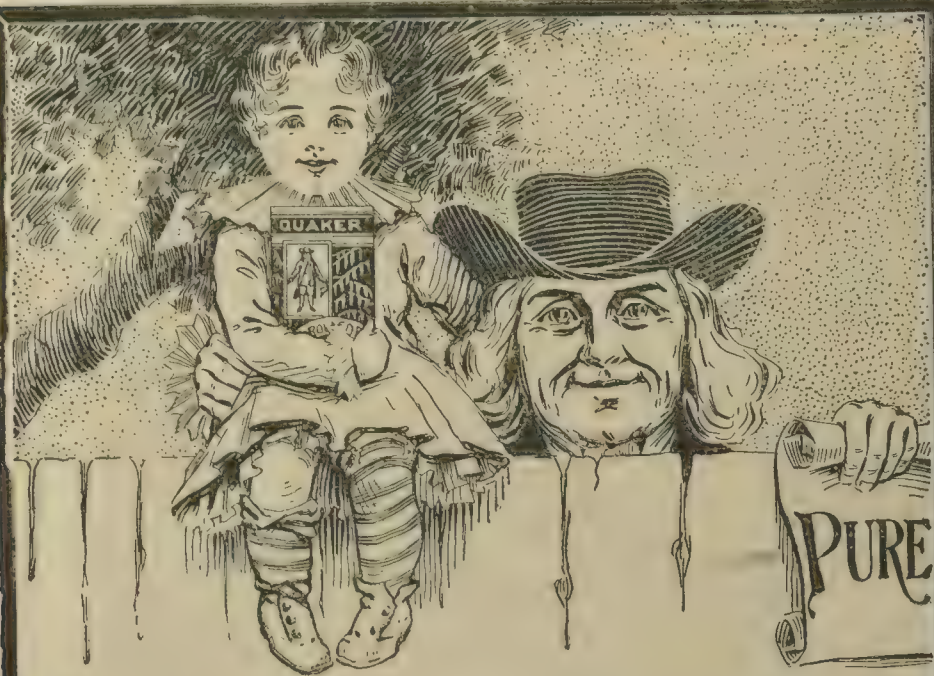
THE DUCHESS'S BED ROOM.

THE TRAIN ON WHICH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL ARE TRAVELLING IN CANADA.

Railway Company, to the officials of which the Duke and Duchess will trust themselves for the greater part of the way, has specially built a superb train for the use of their Royal Highnesses. Of this we give two illustrations, one showing the Duchess's boudoir, the other her sleeping apartment. The Duke, we understand, from

hour in advance, and the Governor's train in turn will have the way cleared for it by a pilot train. The Duchess, it is understood, will not proceed further on the transcontinental journey than the Canadian National Park at Banff in the Rocky Mountains, and will rest quietly at a country place in Manitoba until the return

to the Ontario cities and back to Montreal. From Montreal, at which point the run to the Maritime Provinces begins, the Government Intercolonial Railway will have the honour of conveying the Heir-Apparent. The Canadian Pacific Railway are decorating all their stations for the transcontinental journey.



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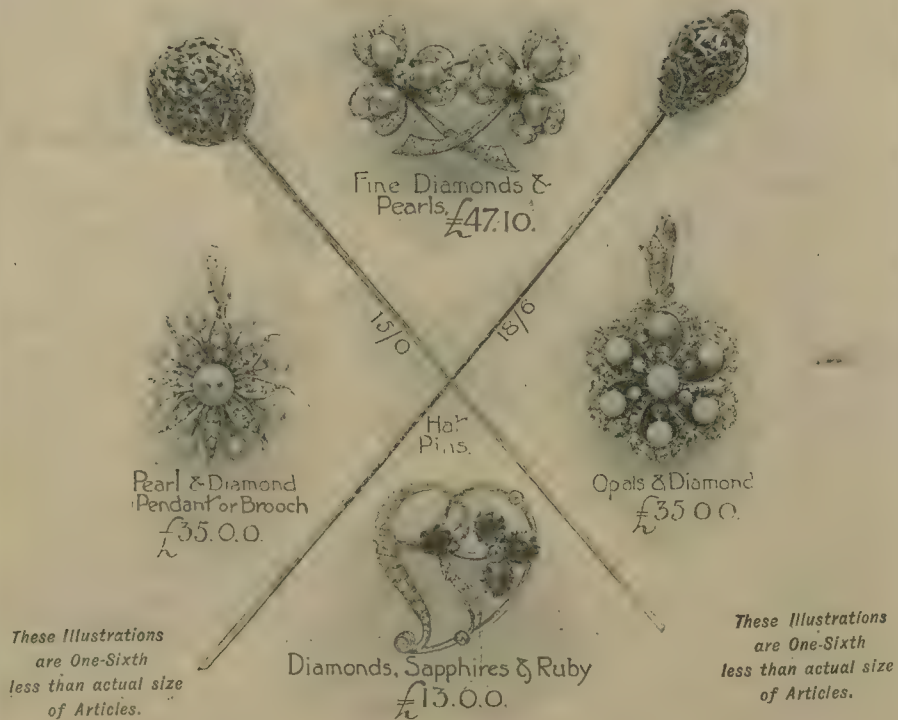
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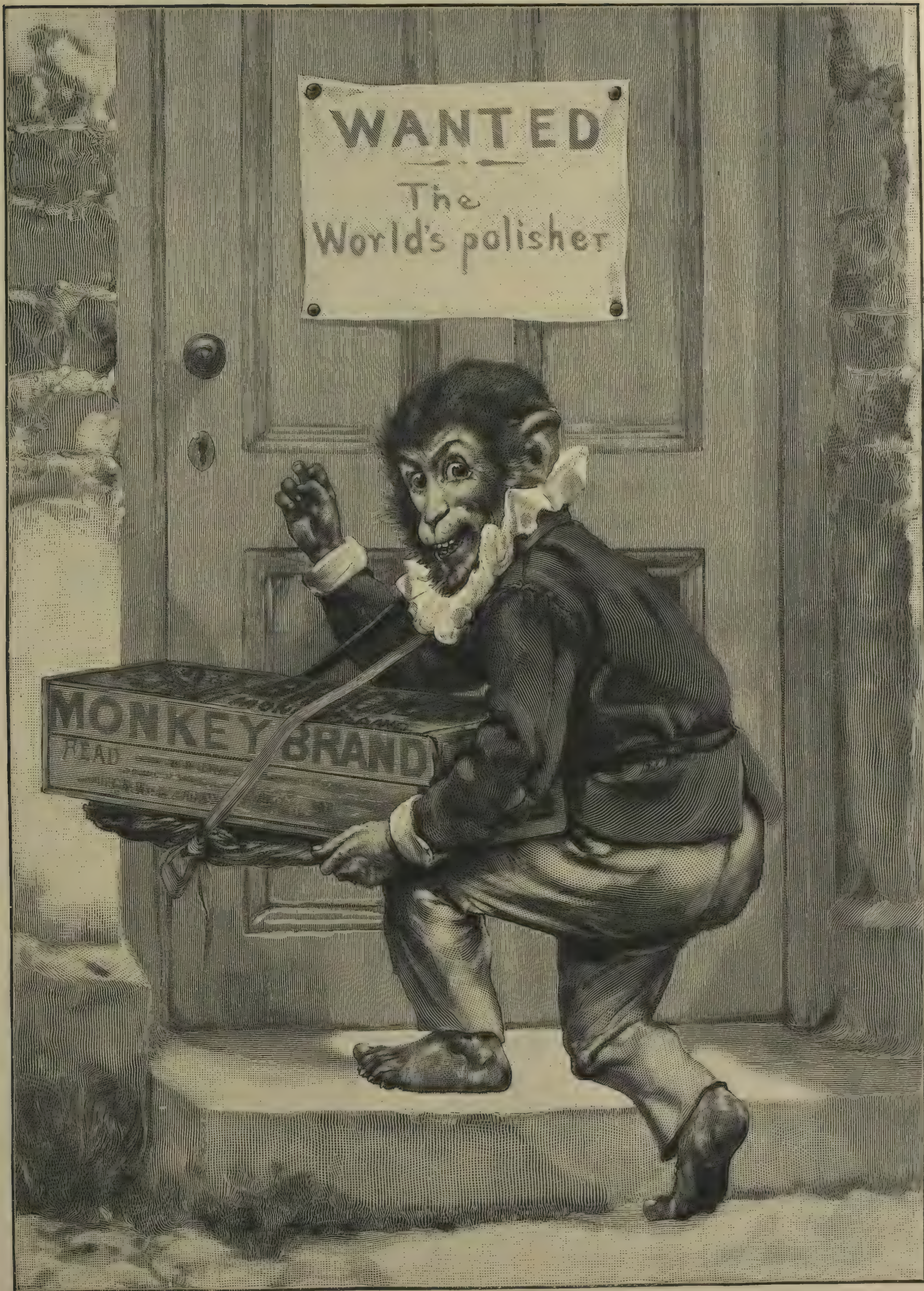
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 30, 1894), with six codicils (dated Oct. 18, 1895; Feb. 4, 1896; April 28, 1897; April 24, 1900; and March 1 and June 9, 1901), of Mr. Robert Bayly, of Torr Grove, Weston Peverell, Devon, who died on June 18, was proved on Sept. 23 by Mrs. Emma Sophia Bayly, the widow, John Bayly, Richard Bayly, and Robert Bayly, the sons, and Joseph Augustus Hellard, the executors, the value of the estate being £446,145. The testator gives to his wife £1000, and, during her widowhood, the use of his residence, with the furniture and effects therein, and the income of £68,000, or of one fourth thereof should she again marry; to his son John, £15,000 and the freehold premises, 9, The Barbican, Plymouth; to each of his other children, £1000; to his son Richard, No. 12, The Barbican; to his son Robert, the premises in Brunswick Terrace, Plymouth; upon trust for each of his five daughters, £15,000; to William Henry Fox, £500; for distribution between his old friends and dependents, including the captain and crew of his yacht, £1000; to Ernest Ede, Dorothy Briggs, and Helen Buchan, £100 each; and many legacies to persons in his employ and servants. Mr. Bayly directs that three fourths of the income of £2000 is to be paid to the South Devon and East Cornwall Hospital, and one fourth to the Female Orphan Asylum, Plymouth. On the death or remarriage of his wife one fourth of the income of £68,000 is to be conditionally paid to his unmarried daughters. The residue of his property he leaves to his three sons.

The Scotch confirmation of the trust, disposition, and settlement (dated Jan. 24, 1899), with a codicil (dated

Dec. 19, 1900), of Sir George Warrender, Bart., of Lochend, N.B., and 87, Eaton Square, who died on June 13, granted to Captain Sir George Robert Scott Warrender, Bart., R.N., and Hugh Valdave Warrender, the sons, and William Hugh Murray and Archibald Robert Crawford Pitman, the executors nominate, has just been resealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £391,507 and of other property abroad £456,138.

The will (dated Aug. 9, 1895) of Mr. Walter Randolph Farquhar, of 16, St. James's Street, a director of Lloyd's Bank, who died on Aug. 27, was proved on Sept. 23 by the Hon. Kathleen Mary Farquhar, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £173,338. The testator gives £500 to his son Walter Randolph FitzRoy Farquhar, and the residue of his property to his wife, she paying £1000 per annum to his son on his attaining twenty-five years of age, and £1500 on his attaining thirty, but such yearly sums shall cease if he shall marry without the consent of his mother.

The will (dated Feb. 21, 1900), with a codicil (dated July 27, 1901), of Mr. Robert Turnham, of The Woodlands, North Finchley, who died on Aug. 10, was proved on Sept. 19 by Robert Verdin Turnham and Albert Verdin Turnham, the sons, and Mrs. Emma Ann Verdin Burrows and Florence Verdin Turnham, the daughters, the executors, the value of the estate being £130,343. The testator bequeaths £6000 to his son Albert; £5000 and his household furniture to his daughter Florence; £5000 each to his other two children; £500 to Harry Burrows; and £300 each to Charles Pickwick, Mrs. William Turnham, Albert Verdin, William Chandler, and Sally Holden. He devises the freehold premises in Euston

Road, with the licenses and stock-in-trade, to his two sons; the freehold residence, The Woodlands, to his daughter Florence; and Lime Cottage, Ballards Lane, to his daughter Mrs. Burrows. The residue of his property he leaves to his four children.

The will (dated Jan. 29, 1900) of Mr. James Aston, of Willoughby House, Willoughby Road, Hornsey, who died on Aug. 7, was proved on Sept. 2 by James John Aston, the son, Richard Way Bradley, and Henry Draper, the executors, the value of the estate being £61,583. The testator gives £3000 each to his daughters Jane Oliver Bourn, Emily Jane Draper, Caroline Susan Ann Robinson, and Mary Ann Aston, and to his son John; £1000 to his son James John; £100 to his son George Alfred; all his household furniture to his wife; £300 to his granddaughter Kate Sarah Draper; and £200 to his nephew Bodger Aston. He devises three houses in Queen's Road, Walthamstow, upon trust, for his daughters Mary Ann, Mrs. Draper, and Mrs. Robinson. The residue of his estate and effects he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Sept. 23, 1897) of Mr. William Gee, of Elmhurst, Bishop Stortford, clerk to the local Bench, who died on Feb. 12, was proved on Sept. 24 by Mrs. Emily Ann Gee, the widow, and William Johnstone Gee, the son, the executors, the value of the estate being £30,437. The testator leaves all his property to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Nov. 2, 1885), with a codicil (dated Jan. 9, 1892), of Lieutenant-Colonel Decimus William Becker, of 3, Motcombe Street, Belgrave Square, and the Naval and Military Club, Piccadilly, who died on Aug. 18,

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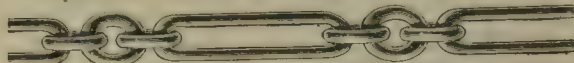
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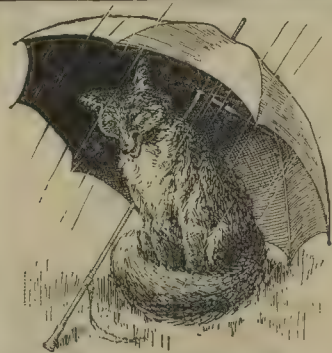
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was proved on Sept. 19 by James Lovell Peters, one of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £26,353. The testator gives £3000 to his brother General Septimus Becker; £2000 to Frances Anne, widow of his brother Sir Arthur M. Becker; £2000 to his niece Edith Mary Becker; £6000, upon trust, for his sister Harriot Louise Ann Hutchinson, for life, and then £2000 each for her three daughters, Caroline Harriot Churchill, Catherine Gertrude Hall, and Lydia Constance Hutchinson; £1000, upon trust, for the three children of his deceased niece Mrs. Peters; £500 each to his nieces Aimée Tottenham Becker, Mrs. Georgina Davidson, and Mrs. Swinton; £500 to his nephew Cyril Leicester Becker; and £300 to the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew Andrew Cracraft Becker.

The will of the Rev. John Charles Aitkin-Roberts, of Westwood, Gains Road, Southsea, and formerly of Abbotswick Hall, Havestock, Essex, who died on July 22, was proved on Sept. 23 by Hugh Coleraine Knight and John William Leppard, the executors, the value of the estate being £5768.

The will of Dame Harriot Arrow, of 30, Bramham Gardens, Kensington, who died on Aug. 18, widow of Captain Sir Frederick Arrow, was proved on Sept. 21 by William Arrow, the son, and John Hetherington, the executors, the value of the estate being £6872.

AN OCTOBER RUN.

"Come on an early day; we had three fish yesterday," wrote a friend from the banks of Dee, and with vivid memories of last year's luck in the same pools, I went.

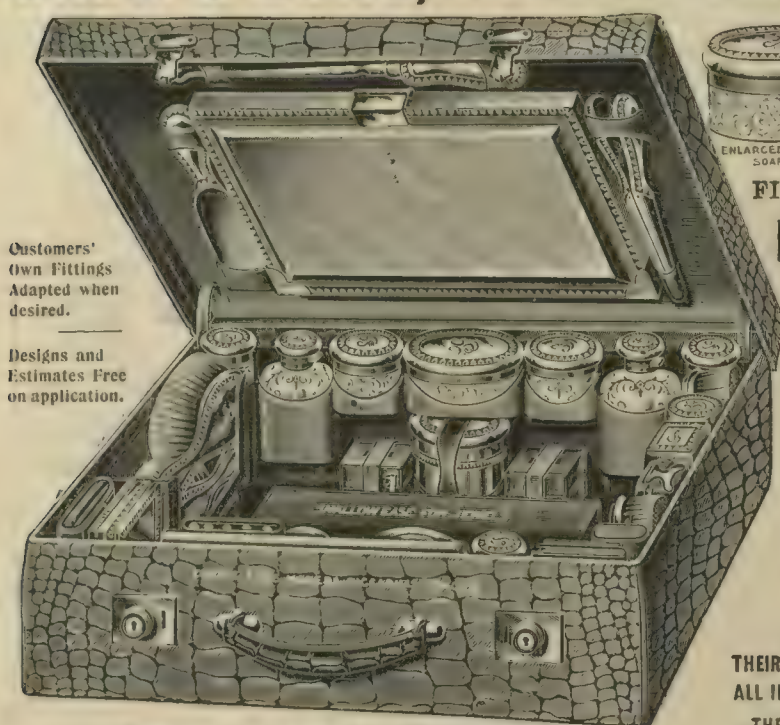
Each blade of grass is dripping with dew; the birches and the beeches are silently dropping their golden tribute to the earth; the dog-hips are blushing red on every rose-bush by the wayside, as you make for the river-edge. Facing the door of the fishing-hut, the upland across the water is clothed in a harmony of greens and golds and reds deftly blended by the skilful hand of the autumnal season; and while the rods are getting ready, these colour-beauties catch the eye in its final sweep from horizon to horizon, as you vainly try to gauge the atmospheric conditions and estimate the dubious chances of the day. Thirty hours of constant rain have swollen and coloured the river; a heavy blanket of watery clouds that the October sun shows no sign of piercing, an utter absence of wind, and a fleet of floating leaves on the broadly swelling stream do not augur well for your success; but one never knows the salmon mood, and past experience of the fickleness of the tribe brushes these adverse circumstances aside as irrelevant. It is true that yesterday was blank, and old Robert, the ghillie, is pessimistic. Fish, he avers, are not settling in the pools, but, tempted by the fine volume of water, are steadily creeping upward to the spawning-grounds. So be it; but your brisk walk in the chill morning air has

tingled your blood, and it is with a sanguine outlook that you step into the crazy boat, and with all the care and keen attention that come from an overflowing treasury of hope, you throw your fly well athwart the broken current, and bring it temptingly round to search the shallower and stiller edges of the pool.

There ought to be fish, and fine fish, in those amber deeps, which, in the absence of sunshine, no human eye can penetrate; but, if such lie there, they give no sign to-day. Only you remember days when they were rolling and splashing ostentatiously on the surface, and yet studiously, almost contemptuously, ignoring what you deemed an irresistible fly; so you take heart. First the neck of the stream, then the broad body, and then the smoother tail, but nothing shows. Once, indeed, you have a violent surprise: a tightening of the line and the electric thrill that means business raise your rod, and send your forefinger automatically to the reel. 'Tis an erratic half-pound finnock (not yet finally classified by the expert), hungrily lured to his doom by your Blue Doctor—never meant for such as he. However, he is bright and silvery, and with Hamlet's disappointed "I took thee for thy better," you secure him. For a time this tiny success serves to brighten your effort and to breathe new courage and care into your monotonous casts, but lunch-time comes without a kill, and the outlook begins to press home upon you as genuinely depressing.

Fresh vigour springs from a repleted appetite, and donning your waders, you elect to try the more rapid

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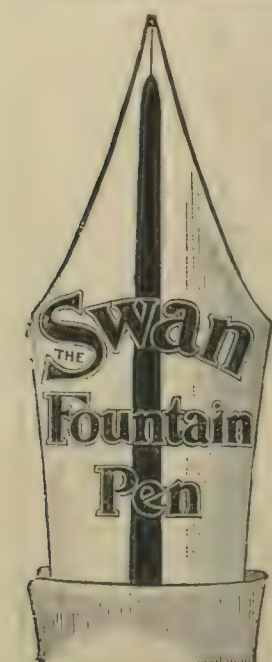
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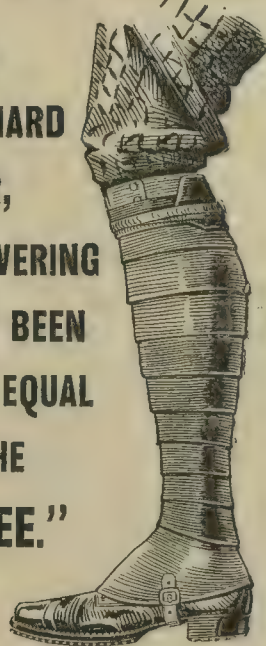
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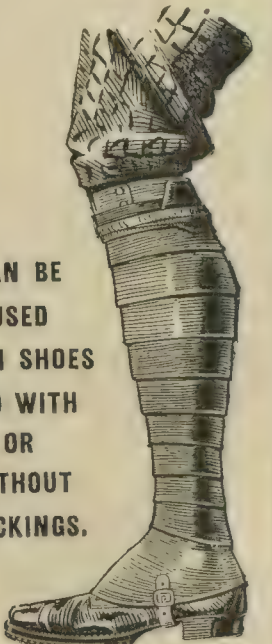
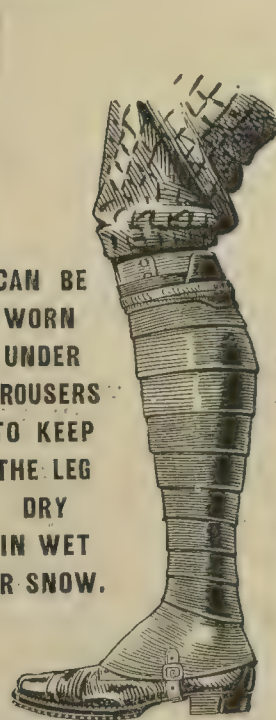
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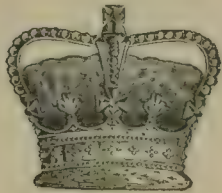
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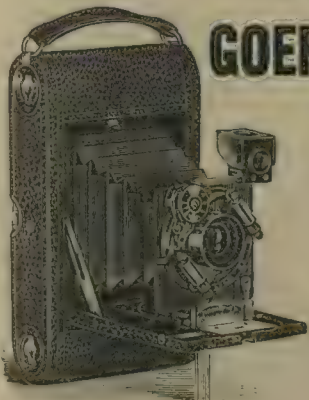
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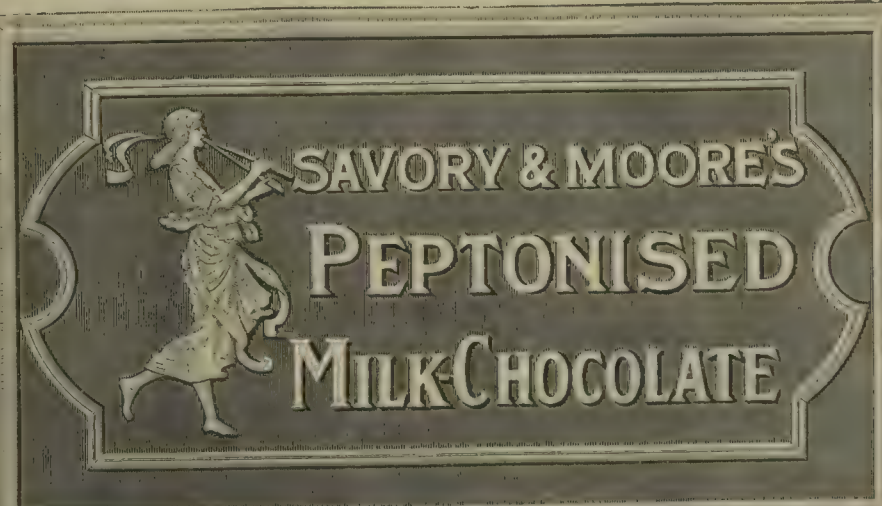
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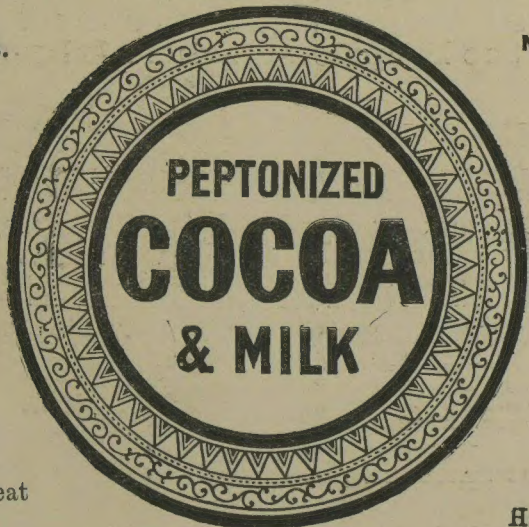
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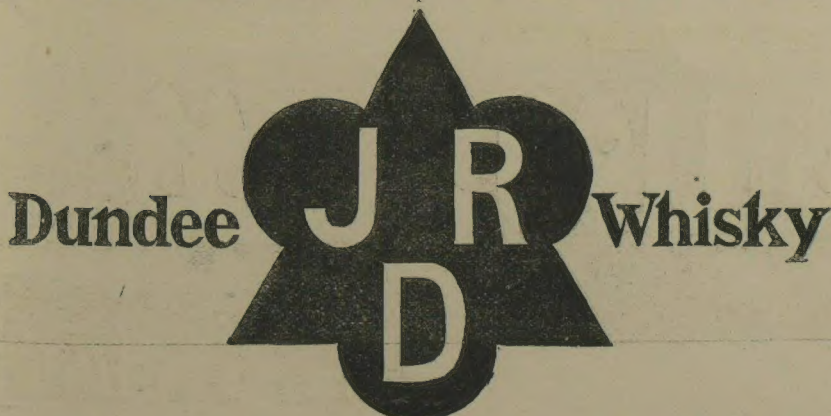
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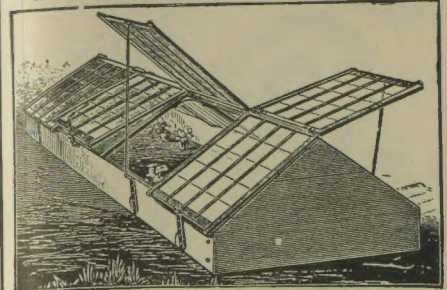
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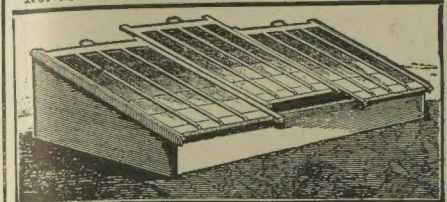
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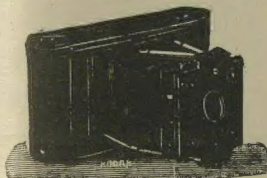
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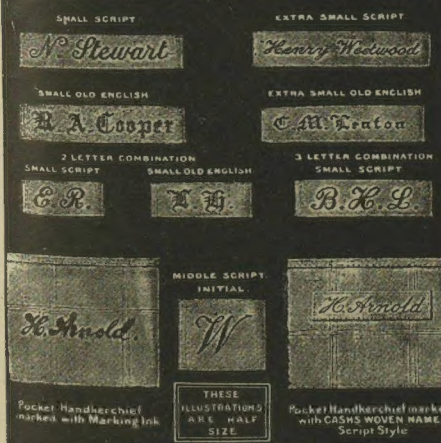
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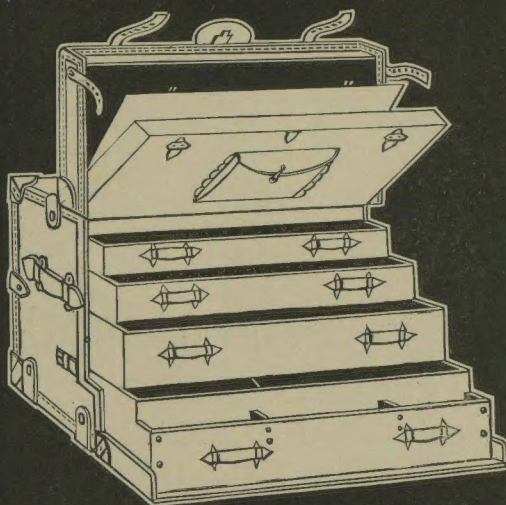
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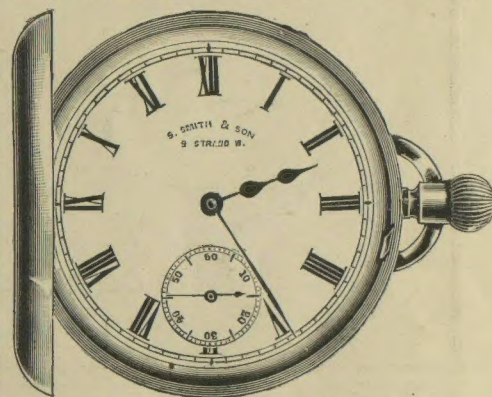
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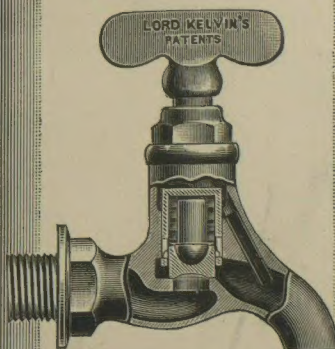
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